DECEMBER 9 — 15, 1978

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Eve's Weekly

PUBLIC HOSPITALS: The Priorities Are All Wrong

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PINKY KHAN

For Pinky, life at the moment is fancy free, but she is 'mad' about modelling and a film career. She took up a course in shorthand and typing after finishing school from Mount Mary's Convent, Bandra, but left it when she got an offer to work in films — her childhood ambition. At school, she took part in a number of dramas and plays from where she was picked up for a film assignment.

Asked about her views on a full-time job, she immediately replied, "I like working independently, not under somebody."

Have you thought of marriage? "Oh, I would like to have a little more experience of life before devoting myself to such responsibilities," she said with a smile. Her other interests include horse-riding, painting and dancing.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

VOL. XXXII NO. 49 BOMBAY

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PRINTER
R. S. SARANGAN

PRINTED & PUBLISHED AT
SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS
BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, BOMBAY-400 023

PROPRIETORS
EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BOMBAY-400 023

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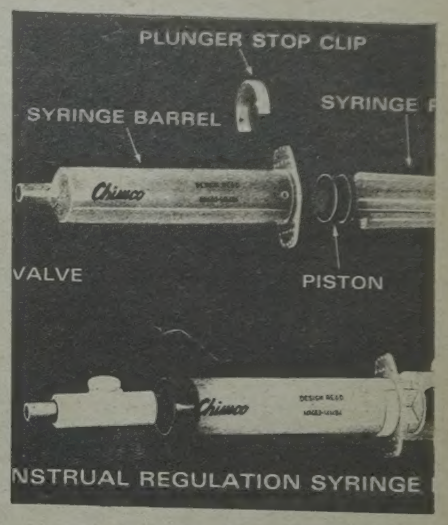
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 85, Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

this week

MAKING ABORTIONS A TORTURE

An abortion is a fairly traumatic experience under normal circumstances, with all kinds of feelings and fears playing upon the woman's mind. But when the attitudes of the medical staff performing the abortion is cynical, cruel and moralising, the experience can become a torture. A report on abortions in public hospitals and — by way of contrast — in a well-known abortion clinic.
Page 13.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH WOMEN'S SPORTS?

The state of our sports in general is dismal, but women's sports is in a particularly pitiable condition.
Why is this? What do women in the field have to say about their situation?
Page 40.

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

Light, frothy, delicious pineapple souffles are just four steps away from you. Just turn the page to
Page 19.

CONDITIONS IN PUBLIC HOSPITALS

The outbreak of gas gangrene at a well known public hospital in Bombay once again brought to public attention the highly unsatisfactory conditions in these hospitals, which are often the only ones the average person can afford. Investigations into the working of public hospitals give an insight into the kind of conditions that prevail there and some of the reasons why.
Page 9.

ALSO

Youth Page : Disillusioned young medicos — **Page 10** Profile : Sindhu Panakal, involved in Industrial Relations and Personnel Management — **Page 21** "The Passionate Winter" : Part V — **Page 24** Colour in your home : Through batik — **Page 35** Film Interview : Sulakshana Pandit — **Page 39.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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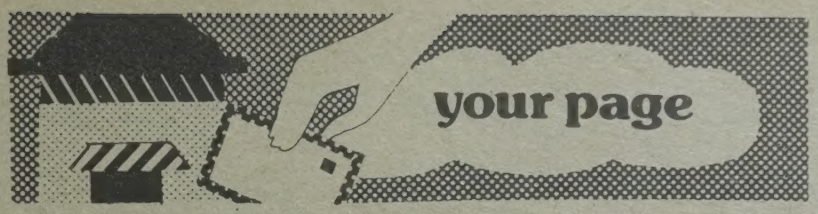

1st prize

VALUE OF EDUCATION

With reference to Miss Ahluwalia's letter in your 4th Nov. issue, I'd like to point out that education is not a passport only to enter the field of service or the dais of matrimony, as she has made it out to be. Cramming books and burying yourself in leather-bound tomes is not for the ulterior motive of gaining a job. Education for the sake of education is sheer waste of money and time. Your writer has treated education only on its beautiful face. There is much more beyond Socrates and Darwin.

Education, in the fuller sense of the word, means knowledge that grooms you into a better individual. It helps to channelise your thoughts with more rationality and come forth with better judgements. It is thus that non-working educated women can make profitable use of their education. Their broadminded outlook helps them run a better home. They are capable of bringing up their children in a more stabilized manner and have a greater understanding of their emotional necessities. They can instil in the minds of their children a social consciousness from an early age.

The role of a non-working educated woman is much more than that of a mere domestic calculator-cum-baby-producing machine. A good education can never be dumped to rot in a garbage bin. Mind you, I am not against working women but those who prefer to only run their homes in spite of being in possession of a college degree, should not be looked down upon as social parasites.

Miss Bulbul Bhattacharjee, Bombay

We have always maintained that women who wish to be solely housewives should be able to pursue their choice without attracting criticism. However, more and more women today genuinely wish to work, to 'do something' to put their talents and qualifications to use, but, through force of circumstances (usually 'family'-inspired) are debarred from doing so. It is these women who must be allowed to exercise their choice.

2nd prize

EMOTIONAL TIES

Recently I read an editorial on the Delhi High Court's decision that sterility is not a ground for divorce. The editor maintains that, in India, marriage is not for companionship or sex, as in the West. Here, perpetuation of the family name, support in old age by children etc. are more important. This is true, no doubt. But is it the right basis for marriage? I personally feel that the two points mentioned are incidental. Today with progressive laws we may soon reach a stage where girls, too, will perpetuate the family name. Moreover, what guarantee is there that the sons will live long enough to be of help to aged parents? Furthermore, with new discoveries being constantly made by scientists, it is now possible for infertile parents to have babies. If everything fails, the couple can always fall back on adoption. But whatever the means used, can there be any guarantee that children will look after their parents?

The attachment that Indians have for their children is heartwarming. But what is shocking is that the partners in a marriage are often more attached to their children than to each other. Surely, this is wrong? After all, some day the children will get married and become attached to their own families. Then what will happen to the parents? They will be left high and dry, ignored by their children, yet unable to fall back on a sustaining emotional relationship with each other. Frankly, I think it's high time that Indians realised this fact of life and set about putting their priorities right.

Pushpalatha Kamath, Bombay

There is far too much of "my son, my son" in Indian society. All old parents firmly believe that their family empire rises and sets with the son. But, things are changing now . . . even the bastion of marriage is threatened. There will surely be a new generation of parents (partners, if you will) who will have realised that centering their lives around children is likely to leave them emotionally depleted.

3rd prize

PARENTS' RESERVES

The marriage of a daughter is almost like Doomsday for the parents. For, not only do they give away their daughter, but also most of their worldly possessions. Is that what marriage should mean to an average Indian girl today, with herself sold off like cattle at an auction?

There are some misguided fools who say that the dowry system is necessary because the father's possessions should not only be divided between the sons but also between the daughters — only, they take them (where else?) to the in-laws' home. But, why should this division of property or wealth be done at the time of marriage? The marriage of the children is not the be-all and end-all of the lives of parents. Parents have still got to live, and if they have some wealth, they will be able to maintain themselves in their old age. On the event of their death, it is their will which decides what is to be given to whom.

The dowry system will hopefully fade away and there will be no cases of children throwing out their aged parents and leaving them destitute, since the parents can always support themselves and lead a comfortable, retired life.

Miss. Therssa J. Zachariah. Bombay

But, will Indian parents consent to do this? There is much more involved than 'providing' for the daughter. There is the matter of (false) prestige and the compulsion to stick to old traditions and customs.

THE BOSS'S WIFE

The topic debating whether or not a woman should work has taken all the beating it possibly can. Another aspect that has both fascinated and puzzled me is, given the opportunity, should a woman work for or with her husband, or should she choose to do the same work outside the family network? With the advantage of education in like fields or shared interests and hobbies it is usually feasible to set up a professional practice or some other joint venture.

Will it be possible for him to forget that she is the boss's wife and treat her on a par with others in a similar grade? On the other hand, being available and free from the bonds of rules and regulations, will she be called upon to do an unfair amount of work? In another set-up where she would be able, with enterprise and hard work, to rise to top levels, can she have equal opportunities with her husband or will she forever have to toe the line? Moreover, I feel that the little courtesies and appreciation are easily overlooked when it is just the matter of 'the wife'. Then, there is always the possibility of carrying the domestic personal problems to work, which will naturally make it a very long day!

Mrs. D. Khan, Hyderabad

How many couples are in a position to work together? And how many women are likely to work for the boss-husband? At best, a negligible minority. It is far more imperative to consider how the "boss" behaves at home and how well he can encourage his working wife.

READER'S VOICE

GARLAND CANAL SCHEME

Dinshaw Dastur's Garland Canal Scheme (Nov. 4) presents a rather rosy picture. The seamy side of this much-trumpeted 'utopian' project has perhaps escaped the author, Shivanand Karkal's attention. The potential problems and hurdles in its implementation include the complexity of constructing a labyrinthine network of canals through seismically sensitive topography. The Himalayan range is landslide-prone. Large-scale impounding of water in the Himalayas, the Central and Southern Canals and a multitude of subsidiaries could result in water-logging and extensive land salinization, thereby decreasing the agricultural output.

This large scale interference with nature may seriously disturb the ecological balance. A rise in the underground water-table due to seepage is another potential hazard. Before on-the-spot studies are done beginning preferably with aero-photogrammetry, to examine the possible ecological, seismic and geological factors, any comment on Dastur's plan is premature and unrealistic.

Let us concede that floods are an inevitable consequence of natural agencies, as also a part of nature's design. (Mrs. Chandrakanta Dixit, Nagpur.)

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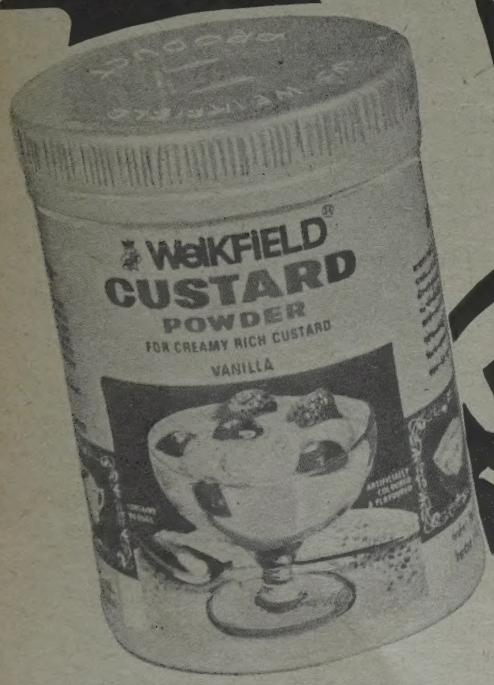

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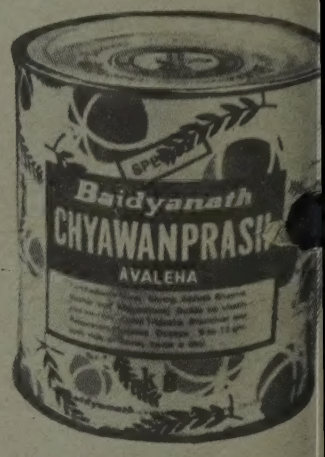

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PUBLIC HOSPITALS: wrong priorities

Tipu

Public hospitals have become synonymous with callousness, maltreatment, misery. Even the poor go to them only as a last resort. If instead of giving hope, a hospital can only fill a patient with terror, the public has a right to know why, and where the planning has gone wrong

Bombay's public hospitals are of two kinds — those controlled by the Municipal Corporation and those by the Government of Maharashtra. The Municipal Corporation manages the K.E.M, Nair and Sion hospitals. The government hospitals include the J. J. Group, G. T., St. George's and the Cama & Albless. What are the problems faced by patients who come to these hospitals? Is the image of the doctors as callous, indifferent people justified? What are the conflicts between the administration and the public, on the one hand, and between the public and the staff, on the other?

Let us take the case of the K.E.M. Hospital. The outpatients department (OPD) daily handles over 1,500 cases. On an average, a patient must wait up to three hours for his turn. Again, each patient is given three to five minutes for consultation. Patients requiring X-rays or special clinical analysis face many more difficulties. Often, there is a shortage of X-ray plates or essential chemical reagents. Further, form-filling is as much an integral part of treatment (maltreatment?) as the basic clinical therapy.

ACCOUNTABILITY OF OFFICIALS AND DOCTORS

The patient, of course, is only too happy to be given the three minutes. Most doctors in the OPDs complained that patients took them for granted. That the doctors are overworked is beyond dispute — their particular problems are quite serious. But for most of the patients the doctor is a saviour, not just a mortal. Consequently this leads to two things: one, the doctor as a human being is taken very much for granted, and two, there is the implicit faith in the doctor-who-can-do-no-wrong.

This sort of unquestioning faith leads to tragic results. Most patients in the public hospitals are from the poor classes, i.e., those who lack a collective voice, who cannot lobby to air their grievances. They must accept the treatment meted out, there is no other choice.

This aspect of public health was highlighted recently in the Nair Hospital, in a most gruesome manner. The death of six patients as a result of gas gangrene showed the appalling callousness of the public health authorities. It also raises very serious questions about the accountability of officials and doctors to the patients in particular and to society in general. One must inquire into this scandal to get a clear idea of public hospitals for this incident is representative rather than exceptional.

Gas gangrene is an infection of open wounds or sores. The spores thrive in unhygienic surroundings. In Bombay city, breaking or cutting one's leg badly in the street may result in gas gangrene. The extraordinary thing about the Nair Hospital case is that all the victims contracted gas gangrene after being admitted to hospital. That means the level of sanitation and hygiene in the hospital is very low.

Further, the first case was recorded as early as July. Medical practice requires the immediate isolation and quarantine of the entire ward where a dangerous virus is discovered. Nothing of the sort was done in this hospital even when more cases were discovered. Six patients who were admitted for reasons ranging from fractured arms to deep cuts in the limbs, died of gas gangrene. Many more had to have their limbs amputated — which, for working-class people is as good as death. The MARD (Maharashtra Association of Resident Doctors) submitted a memorandum to the authorities protesting against the gross negligence. The memorandum was not acknowledged. Only in September did the press know of

ATTEMPT TO COVER UP

these happenings, following a leak by some conscientious doctors. This incident further throws light on the veil of secrecy that surrounds the administrative set-up in flagrant violation of the democratic right of the public to know what happened. This writer, after persistent questioning, was told "not to meddle in something that doesn't concern you."

The entire public health system is to be condemned for some of the atrocities taking place in hospitals. There can be no question of apologising on behalf of the authorities, as many municipal corporators have sought to do.

Doctors and health authorities complain that the hospitals are too crowded, so adequate monitoring is not possible. And there is always the shortage of funds.

PILFERAGE OF DRUGS, STORES

If public hospitals are crowded we must adequately explain why they are so. The main reason is that the public hospitals are free, and most of the patients admitted to these hospitals cannot pay for their treatment anywhere else. However, even this aspect is peripheral to the real problem. The basic reason for overcrowding is the inadequacy of primary health care for the poor. Over 50 per cent of the T.B. cases, for instance, need no hospitalisation if adequate primary care can be made available. Overcrowding in hospital wards also increases the dangers of infection. In the Nair Hospital, for instance, the gangrene-affected ward had some patients sleeping on the floor, which was very dirty and wet. This state of affairs is unthinkable in private hospitals.

Most doctors interviewed said this was owing to the inadequacy of funds. The apologists, however, are prompt to note that "India is a poor country, so we can't afford to squander scarce resources." For these people, ensuring adequate medical facilities for the common people is "squandering resources." Public hospitals spend large amounts of money and foreign exchange on research. But this research is misplaced in the social context: open-heart surgery may keep a highly-trained surgeon occupied, but the hospitals still remain overcrowded. Hence, the problem is not one of inadequacy of funds; rather, it is a question of priorities.

There is extensive pilferage of hospital stores since security is very lax. Often, ward boys and auxiliary staff are political appointees. Most nurses are inadequately trained. This has often resulted in gruesome errors, i.e. Dettol being used instead of glucose. All hospitals in Bombay are facing a severe shortage of nurses owing to the 'call of the Gulf'. This has put additional burden on resident doctors, already sorely overworked. They are paid a salary of Rs. 500 to Rs. 650 per month. Generally no accommodation is provided, the quarters that are allotted are little better than hovels. They are given just 20 days' leave in a year, including casual leave. For most of them the R.D post is a spring-board to lucrative private practice or further training abroad. The medical colleges attached to the public hospitals also function under a similar system of wrong priorities. Over 90 per cent of the students registered come from upper middle-rich classes, and internship and RD. posts are seen as a route to the U.S. Talk of squandering resources!

SYSTEM NEEDS TO BE OVERHAULED

It is without doubt that given the great limitations imposed on the system, the doctors are doing their best. Public hospitals in Bombay are far better than those in other parts of the country. But this fact can in no way be used to gloss over their faults. Attempts must be made to remedy the system internally — planting flower-beds outside a hospital in no way improves its internal working.

YOUNG DOCTORS: sick of the system

Corruption, shortage of drugs, overload of work, meagre pay — the young doctors in hospitals are disillusioned with the system

Sarmistha Ray

Several of the large general hospitals in Bombay also have colleges attached to them. The medical students usually stay on a couple of years in these hospitals after graduation, sometimes for their post-graduation and sometimes just for the work experience. However, they find themselves in such strained circumstances — conditions of work can be so poor — that working in these hospitals often becomes totally meaningless.

To begin with, most of them complain about the load of patients. In one hospital a group of ten interns looks after 3,000 patients per day. This barely gives them a chance to give each patient a cursory check-up and scribble off the names of a few drugs. Young doctors complain that they never get an opportunity to look very deeply into a case since the pressure of work is so great that if they take more than their usual two-three minutes, they would be going well beyond the time schedule fixed by the hospital.

Secondly, the drugs in these hospitals are not adequate. The supply is supposed to be ensured but doctors find themselves prescribing drugs which are not there in the stores. Conditions vary according to each hospital, but even in one of the "best" hospitals, a doctor complained that only aspirin and sulphur drugs were available and antibiotics were hardly ever in the stores. Since these are essential for good treatment, doctors find themselves unable to carry out the treatment that they would like to.

Cases of pilferage are very common. A far greater harm is done by adulteration. This is more common in the municipal hospitals. One doctor told me that a patient did not show any signs of improvement after taking a particular antibiotic from the hospital stores for six weeks, but after buying the same drug from outside, he was cured in two-three days, which was the normal period for his ailment.

The load of patients also means that they do not get the care which is due to them. From the wards patients overflow into the "floor beds" in the corridors. In most general hospitals this is a common sight.

Another factor which interferes with the doctors smooth working is the patients themselves. Being very poor and uneducated, the patients are often unable to realise the full implications of the doctors' words. For example, a patient suffering from T.B. is told by the doctor that he must carry out the treatment for at least two years. After three months the patient usually feels better and discontinues the course but he is not fully cured. The doctor finds the patient back in the hospital after six months, with the disease having worsened. The general poverty level and malnutrition make it impossible for the doctor to even feel content with the treatment given to the poor patients. As one doctor said, "We can look after these patients in the wards for a maximum period of three weeks, after which we have to send them home. We know the conditions of stay will be totally inadequate, yet we cannot keep them in the hospital either. And how can one tell a patient to take expensive tonics at home when he does not have enough to eat — at least food is assured in hospital."

Administrative loopholes and corruption also make the doctors unhappy. Most doctors feel that the unfair "Note Cases" system should be done away with. This is a system by which senior doctors (who also carry out private practice) refer their private patients to the general hospital with 'notes', instructing the junior doctor in the OPD to handle the patient with special care. This means that the patient has paid the former doctor his fees but the treatment given to him at the general hospital is supposed to be free. This is a regular racket, but it is worked so smoothly and secretly that there is not a slip and therefore no tangible proof. Doctors of the younger generation are naturally disgusted by the system. When asked why they keep quiet one of them retorted, "What can we do? It is an unfair system but our complaints fall on deaf ears." These senior doctors will sanction their certificates on completion of their internship and therefore 'control' a medical graduate's future.

Regarding their medical course, most doctors feel that the long gestation period of five years is worthwhile for most of them. Although some of the doctors feel that the examination system does not equip them effectively for the practical work. They feel that the questions should be more objective and analytical in approach. At present one is asked to write out long descriptions of particular cases. Others feel, however, that the exam system is all right and should not be tampered with at this stage, but the teaching staff should be made to improve the quality of their lectures. As far as the educational system goes they are unanimously of the opinion that their course should be charted out according to the 'semester system' which will mean less load and tension at the time of the final M.B.B.S. exam.

Some youngsters complain bitterly of the fact that they are used as "cheap labour" during their internship course. This is the time when the doctors are expected to handle patients on their own and are responsible for the welfare of each one of them. In the end they are made to collect blood or do urine tests and scarcely get any freedom from the constant vigilance of their bosses.

All those interviewed were dissatisfied with their salary. One was shocked to learn that the intern/houseman/registrar in Bombay is paid meagerly. Moreover, pay scales in other states are much better. A registrar (post-graduate student) in Bombay draws a salary of Rs. 225 whereas the same post in Bihar draws Rs. 500 and in Rajasthan Rs. 350.

The mismanagement of funds is another sorry story. According to some doctors, funds are allotted for research when the hospitals lack the most essential equipment. In one hospital the X-ray machine has not been working for the past two years.

In spite of these drawbacks none of the doctors I spoke to expressed a desire for change, or rather none of them even believe that this system can be changed. Many of them do not intend working in the general hospitals in which they have studied. All of them expressed a desire to set up private practice as soon as possible. This means the system will continue the way it has been all these years since nobody is willing to speak against it.

TANUJA CHAUKULKAR:

TALENTED DANCER

Fourteen-year-old Tanuja, a student of Nritya Geetanjali, started taking lessons in Bharata Natyam at the age of nine. She was encouraged by her parents. This enabled her to give a scintillating performance at her arangetram this year in Bombay.

Since then Tanuja has been giving public performances for social institutions and her talent in Bharata Natyam has been widely appreciated.

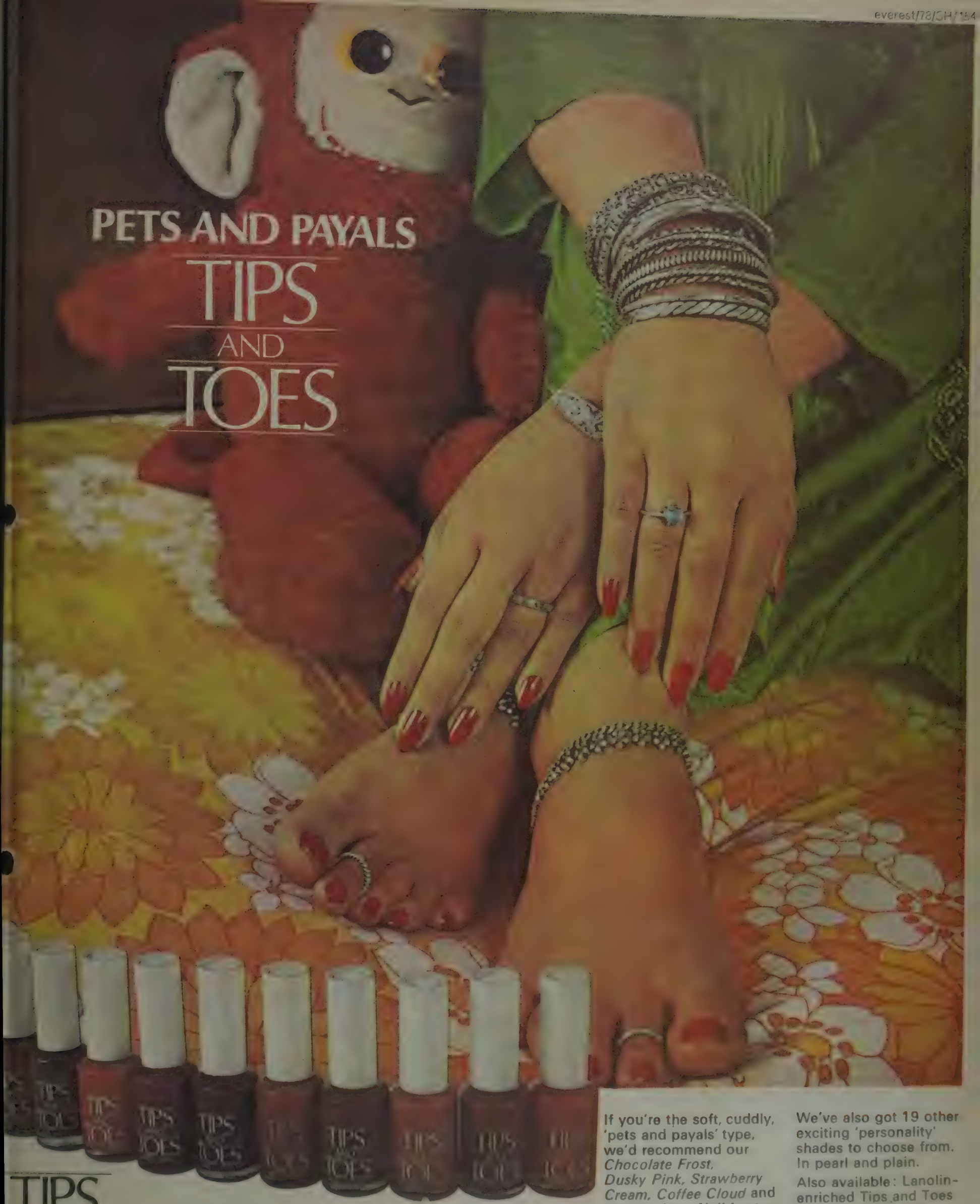
In addition to dancing, she takes keen interest in painting, reading and cooking. She keeps herself trim by playing a game or two of badminton every day. Her extra-curricular activities do not in any way hamper her studies. She always tops her class and nourishes a secret ambition of seeing her name in the state list of scholars.

Tanuja is very interested in drawing and interior decoration and hopes to become on architect.

everest/78/3H/184

PETS AND PAYALS

TIPS AND TOES



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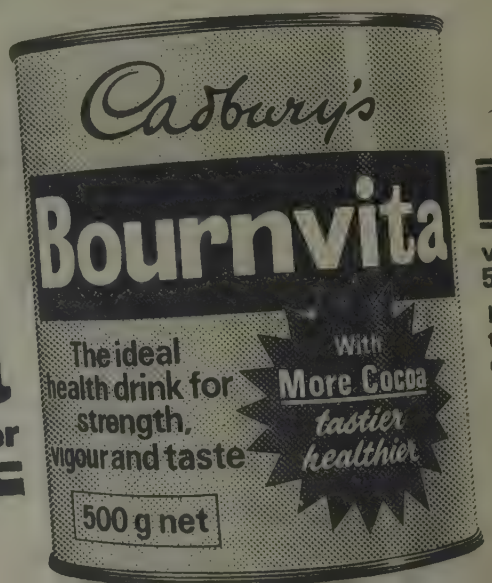

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ABORTION: doctors laugh, ward boys watch

Mira Savara

An abortion operation is a terrifying experience, even for the casual observer. The effort of the doctors seems to be to make the operation as painful as possible. There is no sympathy, no gentleness

The number of induced abortions in India every year is estimated to be between two million and nine million. But only 250,000 Medical Terminations of Pregnancy are performed in hospitals and clinics. Therefore, despite the liberal abortion law, we find that a majority of Indian women continue to seek the assistance of quacks, who use all types of methods, often risking infection and death of the patient.

Why is this so?

1. The law stipulates that both the place where an MTP is performed and the doctor who does it have to be approved by the government. The number of such approved places is miserably low, and inaccessible to most of the population, as they are mainly in the urban areas. The rural areas are barely covered at all. Hence, rural women are faced with the choice of travel, which means expenses, and also an absence from home which would get tongues wagging, or a local risky abortion in secret. They obviously choose the latter.

2. In the urban areas, for a legal abortion there are two alternatives. One can go to public hospitals where abortions are done free, or to private clinics which charge a fee. In Bombay the most well-known private clinic is 'Pearl Centre' which advertises its Rs. 70 abortion in suburban railway compartments. This centre accounts for almost half of all the legal abortions performed in Bombay City.

PUBLIC HOSPITALS: A DEHUMANISING EXPERIENCE

The following report is based on visits I made to two public hospitals in Bombay. I witnessed some abortions, and talked to the women. Both these large hospitals had patients from the lower-income working classes.

"A woman is subjected to such dehumanising treatment here that I can't blame her for coming only as a last resort," says a family planning officer in one of the hospitals. "A woman who is coming for an abortion wants anonymity. She is usually very tense; she does have an inner conflict no matter to what socio-economic group she belongs. In the hospital she is treated as an object, or as a loose woman, a prostitute."

The Process: In a crowded hall, with at least 1,000 people suffering from a variety of ailments and injuries, the woman stands in a long queue to get a form. Then she waits another hour and a half at least to see the doctor. The doctor spends barely one and a half minutes examining her, confirms her pregnancy, and asks her if she wants to have the child or an abortion. If it is abortion, she may be taken in immediately or asked to come the next day. The whole process has taken three to four hours. Since this OPD (Out Patients Department) works only in the morning, working women have to take a day off.

According to a female medical student, "The general hospitals are used to train medical students. But some doctors take real advantage of their patients, who are mainly poor and therefore uncomplaining. They are scared that if they open their mouth they will be refused treatment.

"In my gynaecology training class I remember the professor telling fifteen students who were surrounding the woman who had come for an examination: 'Look what happens when I tickle her clitoris'. He did it repeatedly to about five women. I don't know why I didn't object."

Two abortions I watched were specially gruesome. The first was a married 25-year-old woman who had a one-year-old child. She lay on the table, crying silently. The doctor entered, looked at her case study report, and asked her if she wanted a loop inserted. The woman said no. The doctor, a young unmarried woman, frowned and began to yell at her: "This will happen to you again. Just because this is free do you think that you don't need to take precautions?" Literally shouting, like a mother who has lost patience with a child.

The woman was scared. The doctor continued to shout at her. "See this. It's a Swiss loop. Imported... Foreign. Costs so much money."

The woman remained unimpressed. All this time she is lying with her feet up, saree to her waist, waiting for the operation. A ward boy enters, occasionally peers at her. She looks upset. She asks if the boy can be outside the room. Her request is ignored.

The doctor frowns, expresses deep irritation. She turns to me, "These people don't know anything. For them an abortion is simply 'golee nikalo'. They have no morals, no feelings". And turning to the woman, she removes her gloves, waves her hands and says, "I refuse to do it."

The woman's eyes plead. No response, So she agrees, okay, put in the loop. On go the gloves. And the abortion starts. The pregnancy is in an early stage, six weeks, and the operation is a simple one called 'Menstrual Regulation', since very little dilation is required.

While the operation is going on, the doctor continues her chatter. "These people, all they want is some fun, without thinking of the consequences. If we don't persuade them to take up some prevention, they'll be returning again and again."

All this while I am watching her work. There is no gentleness in her. It is almost as if she is trying to make the whole process as painful as possible so that the woman will not return.

We moved on to another ward where women 12-20 weeks pregnant are having their abortions. As the 'methods of abortions' box indicates, up to 12 weeks the abortion is a simple operation which takes ten minutes, and women can go home in an hour. After twelve weeks the

Continued on page 37

The 'menstrual regulator kit' which any woman can use at home with very little training. It can be used within 14 days of a missed period.

A little sweetness goes a long way

A little Kissan jam goes a long way in turning eats into exotic treats. Don't stop it at bread & butter. Pamper a pudding, layer a cake, top a trifle, stir it in ice cream or shake it in milk . . . the wholesome fruity goodness of Kissan jam works wonders on your family appetites. A dollop of jam just invites the bites. Try it.

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THE AVENGER

C. Raghunathan

The Madathipathi, the powerful head of a Mutt which controlled a number of South Indian temples, was pacing restlessly in his room. That room, meant as it was for the public, was deliberately made to look simple. But behind it were several secret chambers which would have been the envy of Maharajas.

The Madathipathi stopped abruptly and, looking at the man guarding the entrance, ordered, "Call Nagappan." Within a few minutes, a tall, fat, dark man in his forties entered and bowed before the Madathipathi.

"Not any girl, you fool," the lecherous Madathipathi exploded. "Of course not... I know that Swami is very selective. Only the beautiful ones will be picked up," said Nagappan

"Nagappan," said the Madathipathi, "has everything been arranged for our visit to Kumbakonam for the Mamangam festival?"

"Yes, Swami. . ." Nagappan hesitated and looked around.

"Yes. . ." prompted the Madathipathi.

"A special team has been put on the job to trap any unwary girl."

"Not any girl, you fool," the Madathipathi exploded.

"Of course not. . . I know that Swami is very selective. . . Only the beautiful will be picked up. . . but . . ."

"But what?"

"The local staff may not be available."

"Why not?"

"Hee-hee." Nagappan scratched his head. "Our reputation there is such that no local beauty will stir out of her house during our stay there."

"Who cares. . . Warn your men to be alert." The Madathipathi waved his hand to signify that the interview was over.

The Madathipathi smiled cynically as he thought of the religious lecture he had to deliver that evening. The topic was 'Morality as envisaged in our Puranas'. He went into his study to jot down a few points on that exalted subject.

That evening the Madathipathi was thundering at the crowd. "Life is impermanent," he exhorted them. "So, give up all sensual pleasures and surrender yourself unconditionally at the lotus feet of the Almighty. It is desires that cloud the pristine glory of the immortal soul and detachment alone can pave the way to spiritual salvation. Our country, our religion, our traditions are the first to recognise the greatness of celibacy. Bramacharya helps to awaken the most potent **kundalini shakti** which would be otherwise lying dormant at the base of the spine. . ." He went on and on like that and the people nodded their heads in appreciation of his masterly oratory.

★

That same evening, in distant Madras, lovely Deepa was dressing herself to receive Arvind, her young and handsome husband. It was only three months since their marriage. Every evening, while returning from the office, Arvind would buy flowers for his beautiful wife.

That day also he had brought flowers for her. But when he extended his hand to place the fragrant white jasmine on her head, she withdrew from him and pretended to be angry.

"Why is my gossamer-lovely-sweety angry with me?" he said. "Ah. . . now I know. Is it because I haven't agreed to take you to Kumbakonam for the Mamangam festival? But Deepa, it will be very crowded there and. ."

"We're not children to get lost," she intervened. "It is the same excuse that my parents also gave last time when they went to Kumbakonam, leaving me at home. This festival comes only once in twelve years and we may not get another opportunity."

"All right," Arvind conceded reluctantly. "I'll make arrangements for our stay there."

Then only did she allow him to place the flowers on her head. He then tried to kiss her.

"Ishhh. . ." She restrained him, pointing to the open door.

★

As soon as they alighted from the bus, Arvind commented sourly, "You were so adamant about visiting Kumbakonam. Now look at the crowds . . . That's why I had warned you..."

"But this festival comes only once in twelve years," Deepa tried to pacify him. "No wonder everyone is eager to see it."

As they were leaving for their lodge, Nagappan pointed out Deepa to his henchmen and whispered, "Mark that girl in the red sari. Follow her and somehow manage to bring her to our place."

Even on normal days Kumbakonam cannot be described as a clean town. The buses and lorries that frequently ply there billow up great choking clouds of dust. Layer after layer of finely filtered dust settles on your clothes and gets into nostrils. And on that festival day when lakhs of people had thronged there. the town was overflowing with filth and grime.

As they were walking towards the temple, Deepa felt disillusioned and uneasy. She couldn't get into the festive mood. Though she had spoken bravely to Arvind, the crowds made her nervous. While they were being jostled by the unmanageable crowds, Nagappan's men were closely following them. Suddenly two of them feigned a brawl and in the melee that followed, Deepa was carefully separated from Arvind.

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THE AVENGER

"Arvind, Arvind. . .," Deepa wailed, but the crowd pushed her farther and farther away from him.

As Deepa was pathetically wringing her hands not knowing what to do, an old woman gently patted her on her shoulder and smiled at her.

"My child," said the old woman, "have you lost your way?"

"Yes patti, I've been separated from my husband. . ." With great difficulty Deepa tried to restrain her tears.

"Oh, poor child. . . don't worry. Tell me where you're staying."

"In the K— Lodge."

"I know that place. I'll take you there. Your husband is bound to come there after searching for you."

"Please do. . ."

The old woman took her through narrow lanes.

"But patti," Deepa said, "I'm afraid this is not the way we came by. . ."

"Don't worry," the old woman assured her. "This is the shortest route to your lodge. I've been in Kumbakonam for the past forty years. I should know better."

As they were going through a deserted lane, a car stealthily approached them from behind. Before Deepa knew what was happening two men jumped out of the vehicle, gagged her and pushed her into the car. With a triumphant smile, the old woman also got into the car.

Nagappan dragged Deepa into the Madathipathi's well-furnished bedroom. The Madathipathi bolted the door from inside after Nagappan's departure. He then ungagged Deepa. Despite his ochre cloth and three stripes of vibhuthi and a large mark of kumkum on his forehead, his face and eyes betrayed the raging lust within him. To Deepa, he looked like the Rudraksha cat of the fables.

"Who are you?. . . And why have they brought me here?" Deepa asked weakly.

The Madathipathi didn't bother to reply. He sprang at her and started to pull off her sari. Deepa shrieked and defended herself. She scratched his face with her nails. But that only infuriated him and made him attack her with renewed vigour. Finally, the Madathipathi managed to pin her down to the cot and brutally raped her.

"You will pay for it. . . My husband will avenge this. . ." Deepa mumbled while sobbing and adjusting her dress.

The Madathipathi greeted her threat with blood-curdling laughter. "Look here," he said in a harsh tone, "I've a soft corner for you. That's why I'm allowing you to go out alive. Many other girls were not that fortunate. And if you tell anyone about what happened here, your husband will pay for it with his life. And don't think the police will help you. They are on our payrolls."

Observing Deepa's stunned silence, he continued, "Apart from endangering your husband's life, you will also force him to throw you out into the streets when he learns that you have been ravished. So be a good girl and keep mum. The old woman will take you to the lodge. If you don't divulge anything to anyone, no harm will come to you or to your husband."

The Madathipathi's words were ringing harshly in her ears as the car carrying her was speeding towards her lodge. Her whole body was aching from the savage treatment it had received at the hands of the Madathipathi. But her mental agony was much more than her physical pain. She wished that she had heeded Arvind's advice and not come to Kumbakonam. She had now become polluted — a moral untouchable. It would be impossible for her to carry on with the gay and innocent life she had so far led with Arvind. In her despair, she even contemplated suicide by flinging herself out of the speeding car. Yet, somehow, she couldn't bring herself to do it. Again and again she asked herself whether she should tell the truth to Arvind. Finally, the fears of her husband's safety and her own fate if the facts were disclosed made her decide to keep the incident a secret. The car dropped Deepa and the old woman near the lodge.

As soon as he saw Deepa, Arvind heaved a sigh of relief and hugged her. Deepa wept.

"Deepa, how did you manage to reach the lodge? And who is this old woman?" Arvind asked.

"It's this patti who helped me to locate the lodge," Deepa replied. "But for her I would have been lost."

Arvind thanked the old woman and sent her away with a ten-rupee note.

After their return to Madras, things seemed to get to normal except that Deepa was feeling morose, guilty and nervous. Under one pretext or other she tried to avoid Arvind's advances. She would yield to him only when she thought that she would be mentally hurting him by offering any more resistance

Arvind didn't fail to notice the change in her. He was perplexed by her frigidity and sullenness. He finally decided to ask her about it.

"Deepa," he asked one day, "I've been observing you for some time. Why is it that you're not your old sprightly self?"

"Oh, nothing. . . I'm feeling a bit bored. That's all..." She gave an evasive reply. From that day onwards she was more careful in hiding her feelings. She pretended to be jovial whenever Arvind was home. During his absence, she wept.

Soon afterwards, Deepa developed some rash on her skin. As the affliction persisted, Arvind took her to a doctor.

After examining her, the doctor handed over a note to Arvind and said, "Please have these tests done in a lab and bring the test report."

As Arvind had some urgent work in his office, he couldn't accompany Deepa when she took the test report to the doctor.

The doctor looked glum as he studied the report. After some hesitation he said, "Mrs. Arvind, I'm sorry. . . I've some bad news for you. . . You are. . . er... you are suffering from VD."

Deepa sat stunned.

"Don't worry," the doctor tried to console her. "It's curable. You must have got it from your husband. As I have to check him also, will you please ask him to see me at the earliest."

Deepa machanically nodded her head and left the clinic. She was still in a dazed condition when she reached home. Though the doctor had put the blame on Arvind for her disease, she knew that he was innocent. Yet she couldn't defend him before the doctor as that would have exposed her. She was sure that she must have contracted the disease from the man who had ravished her. She had thought that she could hide the facts from Arvind.

Arvind would demand an explanation from her and then the truth would be out. He would react violently when he realised that but for the chance occurrence of the disease he would have been completely kept in the dark about the whole affair. Perhaps he would have treated her magnanimously if she had then itself told him everything. But now it was too late — she had no right to expect any mercy from him. Deepa feared that Arvind would drive her out. Tears rolled down her cheeks and she shuddered when she thought about the shame and ignominy if the world came to know the truth. The more she thought about her predicament, the more desperate she become.

As usual Arvind had brought flowers for Deepa. He was surprised not to find her at the entrance though the door was unlocked. So far she had never failed to receive him with her bewitching smile. What was wrong today? He called her several times, but there was no response. Bewildered, he went in search of her. He found her lying on her back on the cot. He was about to scold her for her carelessness in keeping the front door open while sleeping, when something in her posture made him hold back his words. The flowers dropped from his hand as he reached her in one bound and shook her. Her body remained cold and inert. The empty bottle of sleeping-pills and her note on the dressing table confirmed his worst fears. "Aiyo Deepa, what have you done!" Arvind cried as he picked up the note.

His heart was throbbing when his eyes raced through her note. Initially, he felt hurt that Deepa had hidden so much from him. As he read and re-read the note, his attitude changed. He was especially moved by the last few sentences. "I should have committed suicide immediately after being raped," Deepa had written, "but I didn't have the courage. Please forgive me for hiding the truth from you." Arvind stood stunned; his whole world had collapsed before him. He couldn't think of life without Deepa. He even contemplated suicide. "No," he gritted his teeth. "I shall not die until I have avenged her death." He then called the police.

The police came and went through the usual formalities. From the description of him in Deepa's letter, the police were able to pin-point the Madathipathi as the culprit. Arvind expected that the Madathipathi would be quickly nabbed and brought to justice. But the police appeared to be going about the job in a slovenly way. Their indifference infuriated him and one day he spoke out his mind to the Inspetcor.

"Mr. Arvind," the Inspector calmly replied, "I do understand your feelings. But there are certain aspects about which you may not be aware . . . er. . . What I'm now going to tell you is off the record The Madathipathi is very influential and can pull wires at the highest level to stall the police investigation. Moreover, your wife's letter alone may not be sufficient evidence in a court of law."

Arvind left the police station. His blood was boiling and now he had but one passion in life — to avenge the wrong done to Deepa. He resigned his job and established a photo studio in the place where the Madathipathi was staying. As photography was his hobby he didn't have much difficulty in taking up this business. He took the precaution to disguise himself as there was

Continued on page 43

Sumeet amazes housewives!

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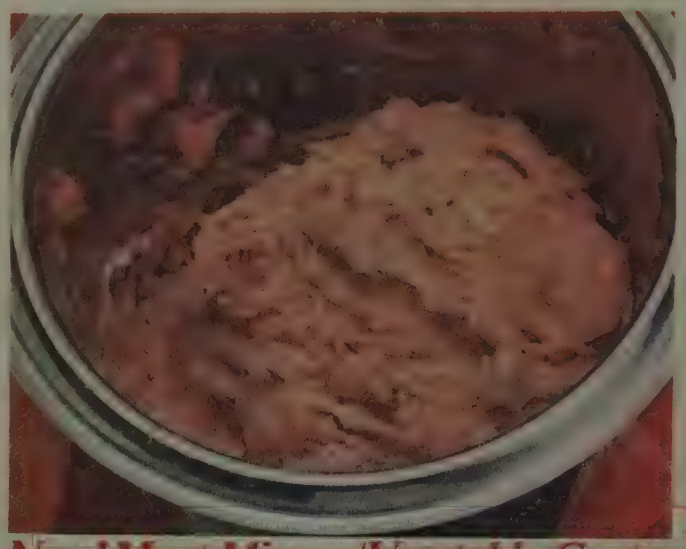
Sumeet is also available without the kneading attachment in an economical pack:Sumeet Domestic. You can buy the kneading attachment separately too.



New! Meat Mincer/Vegetable Grater is unique—first of its kind!

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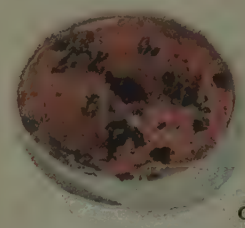
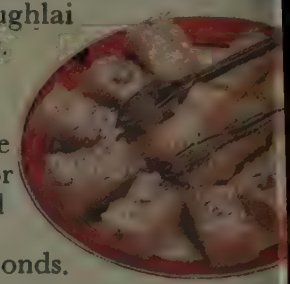
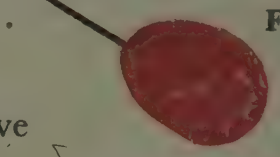


Onion Gravies & Sauces Grates onions for the thick tasty gravies and sauces you need in Mughlai cooking.

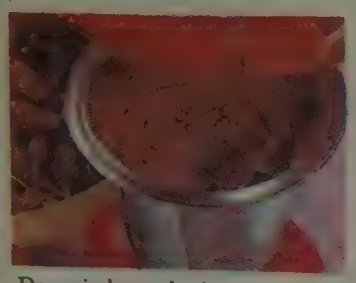


Coconut Barfi Grates coconut in seconds for your favourite recipes. Does the same for making carrot halwa and other preparations with cashewnuts, walnuts, almonds.

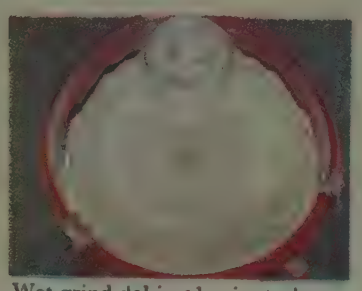


Flavoured Ices Crushes ice quick-as-a-wink for tempting ices which you can serve up in a variety of flavours. And makes ice-shavings for cocktails too.

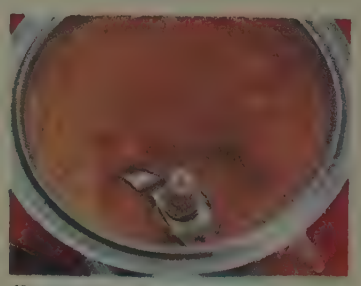
See what else you can do with Sumeet



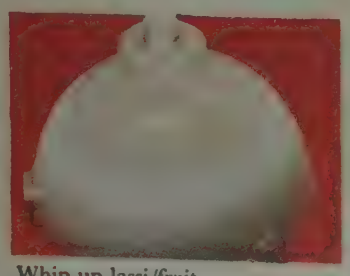
Dry grind masalas in 3½ minutes!



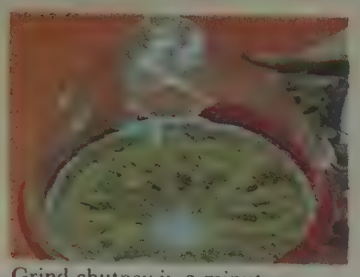
Wet grind dal in 3½ minutes!



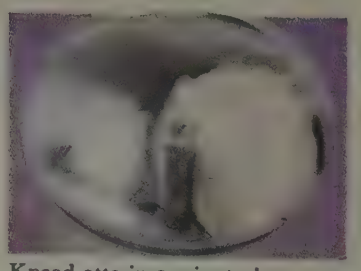
Grate carrot in seconds.



Whip up lassi/fruit juice in just 1 minute!



Grind chutney in 2 minutes.



Knead atta in 2 minutes!
Mix cake batter in 3½ minutes!

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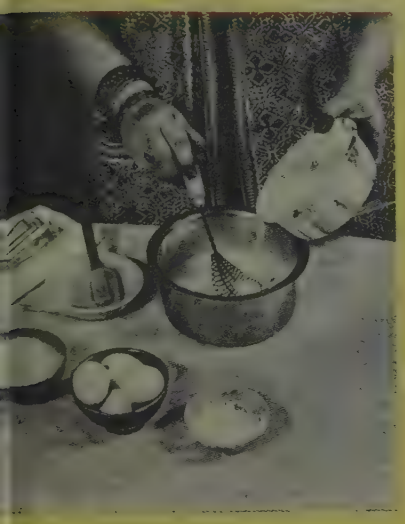
PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

A luscious dessert to delight the family this Christmas! The secret of a good souffle lies in the correct use of ingredients and the right way of preparation. MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA shows you the successful way in four easy-to-follow steps.



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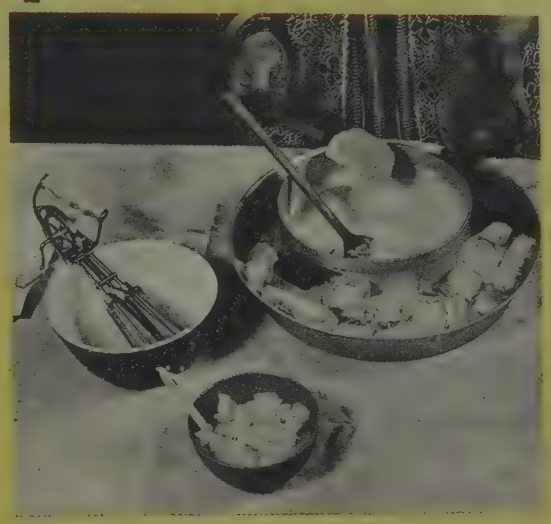

1½ cups milk; 6 eggs; 200 grams cream (beaten thick with 1 tsp. sugar); 1 tbsp. cornflour; 1 envelope gelatine (soaked in ¼ cup pineapple syrup); 1 tin pineapple cubes; ½ cup sugar.

FOR THE DECORATION:

A few glace cherries, chopped; a few pineapple cubes; a few silver balls.

Separate the egg yolks from the whites.

1. In a pan, blend yolks, sugar and cornflour together. Stir in milk and mix till smooth. Cook over medium heat till thick, stirring all the time.

2. Place the pan a bowl or a tray of ice cubes. Add gelatine and stir till it dissolves. Whisk the egg whites till stiff.

3. When the custard cools, fold in the egg whites. Add cream and pineapple cubes. Blend well.

4. Turn out into a serving bowl and chill till you serve. Decorate with cherries, pineapple cubes and silver balls before serving.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

3

4

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SINDHU PANAKAL

LOOKING AFTER WELFARE OF WORKERS

One of the very few women in the country teaching industrial relations and personnel management, she has been in the forefront of labour welfare

Mrs. Sindhu Panakal is one of the very few women teaching Industrial Relations and Personnel Management in India. Sindhu obtained her master's degree from the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Bombay, in Industrial Relations and Personnel Management in 1957. She has also obtained a post-graduate diploma in Industrial Psychology. At present she is a faculty member of the Tata Institute of Social Sciences.

Sindhu has also practical experience as a labour welfare officer. She used to plan, organise and supervise welfare programmes for industrial workers and their families in south Bombay.

Sindhu opted for labour welfare, which was always considered a man's sphere. When asked why she chose this specialisation, Sindhu said, "Before joining the Tata Institute I had the opportunity to work with labourers and their families. I was also an honorary welfare officer for the N.S.D. industrial home for the blind. I was also connected with several mahila mandals. These experiences prompted me to do my post-graduate degree in Social Science."

Sindhu joined the TISS as a field work supervisor. Her job was to see to the placement of students in factories to gain practical experience in labour welfare. She had to supervise their field work. "It was very hard for me to supervise field work as many senior officers were deputed to undergo training and they were reluctant to accept supervision from me."

Sindhu has been on several committees for the welfare of labourers. She was on the "experts panel for Statewide survey on social conditions of industrial workers and other employees coming under the purview of the Bombay labour welfare fund act of 1953". This was set up by the government of Maharashtra. She is also on the A.I.R. consultative committee to plan programmes for industrial workers.

Sindhu was also actively engaged in research programmes undertaken by the Department of Industrial Relations of the TISS in collaboration with other agencies.

She has been giving talks on labour problems over A.I.R. and Bombay Doordarshan. She has participated in several seminars and conferences on "Women labourers" organised by the national Council of Women, the I.L.O., and other organisations. Sindhu was selected in 1966 to visit the U.S. on the Cleveland International Programme. During her stay there she gained valuable experience in organising camps for young people. The camp activities included riding, rowing, hiking and trekking. She was made the unit head at a camp and there were eight counsellers under her to manage this activity.

After her assignment, Sindhu stayed on to do her master's degree in social work from Western Reserve University, Ohio, with the aid of the Willard Straight Fellowship. She specialised in group work. She visited several factories and trade unions in the U.S.

When asked about labour unions in the U.S., Sindhu said, "The trade unions provide facilities for workers. They are not dependent on factories for welfare measures. The unions run co-operative stores, etc., for the benefit of the workers. In India trade unions are more concerned about immediate monetary benefits."

Sindhu visited Thailand in 1977. She was invited by Tham-masat University, Bangkok, as an expert to organise the curriculum and the teaching of labour welfare and personnel management. It was a challenging assignment, as she had to plan a curriculum based on the needs of Thailand. For this, she visited many industrial establishments in Bangkok and nearby places. She met the director-general of labour, National Institute of Skill Development, provincial labour officers, trade unionists. These visits helped her to understand the labour situation.

One significant observation she made was that most of the labour force, especially in the textile industry, was made up of women. Thailand has been in the process of industrialisation for the last ten years, though it is still predominantly an agricultural country. Thailand is known as the 'Rice Bowl of Asia'.

According to Sindhu, women form about 38 per cent of the total labour force in Thailand and about 97 per cent in the textile industry. They also have a high percentage of literacy (the literacy level in Thailand is 72 per cent). Women work on night shifts also as there is no ban on night work for women. Women also do heavy jobs in the construction industry particularly as masons. They also look after business; and most of the shops in Thailand are managed by women.

Those in the 15 to 29 age group constitute about 43.03 per cent of the female labour force; and 61.3 per cent of these working women are single. Factories provide dormitories for these women as most of them come from the upcountry regions of Thailand.

Stating the reasons for the high percentage of women in the labour force Sindhu said, "The Thai people are very religious. Every man is expected to join a monastery for about four months to know the life of an ascetic. And during these four months the women have to work to fill the gap. This could be a major reason why women work in such large numbers."

About the Thai people, Sindhu said they are very friendly, warm and affectionate. Sindhu also mentioned that there is a social problem in Thailand because of the influx of American soldiers. As in Bangladesh, there is the problem of providing rehabilitation service for children born 'out of wedlock'.

During her visit to Europe she visited the I.L.O. headquarters in Geneva and the Tavistock Institute in the U.K.

Currently Sindhu is preparing for her doctoral thesis in Personnel Management.

Sindhu's husband, Mr. J.J. Panakal, is a Professor at the TISS teaching Criminology and Correctional Administration.

Kamala Kumar

Mrs. Panakal with the Personnel Manager of an oil refinery in Thailand. By her side are two faculty members of Tham-masat University.

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HERBERT! CONSERVE YOUR ENERGY!
YOU'LL NEED IT TO PEDAL YOUR BIKE TO WORK!
7-10

L. WOMAN

HA HA world of laughter

"Ma, I just put a stick of dynamite under teacher's chair."

"Why, that's terrible! You march yourself right back to school immediately."

"What school?"

* *

Overheard in the lobby of a hotel: "My wife is an hour late. She's either been kidnapped, hit by a motor car or she is shopping. I hope she isn't shopping."

* *

General Smedley D. Butler, always careful of the welfare of his men, when in France in World War I, met two soldiers carrying a large soup kettle from the kitchen. "Let me taste that," he ordered.

"But General. . ."

"Don't give me any buts — give me a spoon." The General took a taste.

"Soup? That stuff tastes like dishwater," he shouted.

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier. "As you say — it's dishwater."

* *

A man stopped at a small town garage. "Whenever I hit seventy," he told the mechanic, "there's a knocking in the engine." After a lengthy examination, the mechanic wiped the grease from his hands and drawled, "I don't see nothing wrong, mister. It must be the good Lord warning you."

* *

"Yes, I came face to face with a lion once. To make matters worse, I was alone and weaponless."

"Goodness! What did you do?"

"What could I do? First I tried looking straight into his eyeballs, but he kept crawling up on me. Then I thought of plunging my arm down his throat, grabbing him by the tail and turning him inside out, but I decided it would be too dangerous. Yet, he kept creeping up on me. I had to think fast."

"How did you get away?"

"I just left him and passed on to the other cages."

* *

Mary: "Please, madam, I've knocked the marble clock off the sideboard."

Madam: "Has it stopped?"

Mary: "No, madam, it's gone straight through to the basement."

* *

Our taxi driver was darting in and out of heavy traffic with complete abandon. After a few harrowing blocks my friend leaned forward. "Would you please be careful. I have eight children at home," she said.

To which the driver replied, "And to think, lady, you're telling me to be careful."

* *

A young man-about-town took a glamorous girl out one night. They were driving down a moonlit country lane when the engine suddenly coughed and the car came to a halt. "That's funny," said the young man. "I wonder what that knocking was?"

"Well, I can tell you one thing for sure," the girl answered icily. "It wasn't opportunity."

* *

Applying for a position in the office of an engineering firm, a young woman readily filled in the first questions on the blank. But when she reached "Marital Status" she paused, and wrote: "Hopeful."

* *

A husband is the kind of man

Who drives me to a rage:
He can't recall my birthday
But always knows my age.

Compiled by George Fegrado

THE STORY SO FAR . . .

Leigh Stanton innocently accepts an invitation from her boyfriend Gavin Sinclair to spend a week-end in his father's house. Much to her dismay, she learns that Gavin's intentions are far from honourable. She wants to escape but is interrupted by the unexpected arrival of Piers Sinclair, Gavin's father, a hard, cynical divorcee and playboy millionaire. Piers puts a wrong construction on the situation, whisks young Leigh back home in his car and lectures her on the degenerating morality of youth.

Leigh is an eighteen-year-old pre-nurse, sharing a London apartment with colleague Karen and spending weekends with parents who live forty miles away. One day, coming back from a family reunion, her car breaks down. Piers Sinclair happens to pass that way and points out there is no petrol. Twice embarrassed, Leigh hopes she will never see the man again. But he turns up like a bad penny, first at her apartment and then at the clinic she was assigned to.

The same evening, Karen suggests a movie but Leigh is off-mood and asks Karen and Keith to go along without her. Piers turns up again just as they are leaving. So Leigh is inflicted with Piers' presence for the entire evening. In spite of her acid manner, he makes her rustle up some dinner for him and promises to return the treat by taking her out for dinner the next day. Leigh has conflicting emotions, finding Piers both irritating and irresistibly handsome. In the days that follow, he overwhelms her enough to accept his dinner date, for Christmas Eve, promising to drop her at her parents' in time for Christmas.

There is a terrible snow storm and after the dinner date they are marooned in the car on the way to her parents' house. Intimacy develops between them. After the snow has cleared Piers takes Leigh to her parents and stays over for Christmas at her father's invitation. On the way back to London, Piers asks Leigh to go to his house with him, but she refuses, imagining the episode in the car as just another sexual interlude in his chequered life.

NOW READ ON . . .

Leigh was to wonder the same things many times during the next few days. She had heard no word from Piers, although she ran to answer the telephone in the hallway every time it rang. But it was never Piers.

She stiffened her shoulders. Where was her pride? She couldn't let the callousness of such a man ruin the rest of her life. Given time she would get over the hurt she felt at his rejection, and the time to start was right now.

'Are you going to that party this evening?' she asked Karen.

Karen saw the new determination in her friend's face and heaved a silent sigh of relief. It would be nice to see Leigh back to normal, and by the look on her face she was well on the way back. Karen didn't know what had happened at Leigh's home over Christmas, except that Piers Sinclair had been invited to stay and had accepted, but she knew Leigh had come back a different person. Often during the last few days she had caught a look of utter despair and bewilderment on Leigh's face, and she longed to tell her exactly what she thought of him.

'Well, I wasn't,' she answered truthfully. 'But if you're willing I am too.'

'Good,' Leigh grinned. 'Get your glad rags on, then, or it will be over before we even get there.'

'Hi,' greeted a familiar voice. 'I haven't seen you at any of the parties lately, Leigh. How have you been?'

Leigh turned to face Gavin. 'I'm fine. And you haven't seen me lately because I've been busy, also we've had the Christmas holidays. Did you have a nice Christmas? You went skiing, I believe.'

'How did — Oh yes, of course,' he gave a bitter smile. 'My father, I suppose.'

Leigh smiled sweetly. 'But of course. Did you have a nice time?' she repeated.

'Not bad.' Gavin came to stand in front of her, effectively cutting the other couple out of the conversation. 'It would have been better if you'd been there.'

Leigh almost laughed at the irony of it all. Here was Gavin saying he would have welcomed her company over Christmas, whereas Piers, the man she had spent Christmas with, couldn't have cared less whether she was with him or not. 'I wasn't asked,' she answered in a teasing voice. 'But I couldn't have come anyway, I always go home for the holidays.'

'Have you forgiven me yet?' Gavin asked seriously.

Leigh's eyes widened at this direct approach to their last meeting. She had quite expected him to ignore what had gone before, but, it seemed she was wrong. 'I don't know that I have anything to forgive you for. You said what you felt at the time and if I didn't like it then that was up to me.'

'But I didn't mean it, Leigh, not then or now. I was angry and said things that I wouldn't normally have said.'

'Does this change of heart have anything to do with your father?' she asked shrewdly. 'Oh yes, Gavin, I know he spoke to you about it. Well, does it?'

He shook his head. 'Not really, in part maybe. He made me see how stupid my accusations about the two of you were, that's all.'

Leigh looked away. 'What exactly did your father say about me?' she asked tightly.

'Only that I had the wrong idea about you two completely and that he was old enough to be your father,' he laughed, 'as well as mine.'

'Is that what he actually said?' Leigh felt a constriction in her chest, as if a heavy weight were being pressed down on her. So that was how Piers thought of her, as a child.

'I want to know if you'll come to a party with me tomorrow night?'

Leigh cocked a mocking eyebrow at him, a slight smile on her lips. 'And do you think I ought to after all that's been said and done between the two of us?'

Gavin smiled too. 'No, I don't. But will you?'

She had to laugh at his honesty and soon he joined in.

'Dad is giving a New Year party and of course I'm invited, with partner. I would like you to be that partner.'

'Your father. . .' Leigh repeated faintly, hoping her sudden pallor would go unnoticed by Gavin. It wouldn't do to let him know how she felt about his father. 'You did say your father is giving the party?'

PART FIVE

THE PASSIONATE WINTER

Carole Mortimer

Originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London. **(C) Carole Mortimer (Australian Copyright) 1978.**

Gavin sipped his drink. 'Mmm. He always gives a party to welcome in the new year. And this year I'm going to have the most beautiful girl there as my partner. Do you mind?'

Leigh's thoughts were like a tangled jungle. The desire to see Piers again was very strong, and yet she didn't want him to gain the impression that she was chasing him. But how could it look that way when she was accompanying his son? It couldn't. But she must make sure Gavin knew there would be no strings attached to this evening out together.

Piers' apartment was in one of the wealthier blocks near the river. A soft gentle flow of music could be heard from the luxurious interior as the two of them discarded their coats for the manservant to take away, although nothing could be heard from outside the apartment and Gavin explained that the walls were sound-proof. The music was much louder when they entered the lounge, so Leigh could only assume that the interior wall must be partly sound-proof too.

So this was the type of atmosphere Piers was accustomed to living in, Leigh thought nervously, feeling way out of her depth in such distinguished company. Gavin took two glasses of bubbly liquid from a passing waiter and handed one to Leigh.

For the next half an hour Leigh was dazzled by the sparkling beauty of actresses and models, and the rugged good looks of actors and racing drivers. Although she didn't usually like alcohol she had allowed

There was no word from Piers. Leigh told herself that she could not let such a callous man ruin her life. She would forget her hurt. And then one day Gavin invited her to a party that Piers was giving...

Gavin to replenish her glass for her, and was certainly beginning to feel more relaxed, although she still hadn't seen the one person she had come here to see. Of Piers there had been no sign, although she assumed he must be somewhere in the apartment — after all, it was his party. She was just beginning to wonder if perhaps he wasn't here when she saw him across the other side of the huge room. He wasn't aware of her, so she could watch him completely unobserved, something she loved doing.

For the first time she realised with complete seriousness how futile had been her childish imaginings regarding Piers and herself. Of course he had taken her out, exercised all that devastating charm she had known he was capable of, but then wouldn't any man have done the same when confronted with such an innocent as herself? What a challenge she must have been to him, a little pre-nurse who answered him back and didn't act as if he was something special every time he walked into a room. But he was something special, and someone completely out of her reach. What a fool she had been. What a stupid, stupid fool!

'Gavin,' she swallowed hard, nausea rising in her throat. 'Gavin, I want to go home. You don't have to go with me,' she said desperately, wishing only to be alone with her misery. 'I can get a a taxi.'

He held her arm. 'Certainly not! If there's any taking home to be done I'll do it — I haven't forgotten that I was ungentlemanly enough to refuse you once before.' He looked at her closely in the warm orange glow of the room. 'Don't you feel well?'

Leigh opened her mouth to answer him and saw with terror that Piers had spotted them.

She was aware of his approach with every fibre of her body, and wished with all her heart that she could make her escape without being noticed. But already it was too late. Piers was standing next to Gavin, a smile of welcome for his son on those firm lips that had once claimed hers in passion.

'Good evening, Gavin,' Piers said lightly. 'Sorry I wasn't here when you arrived, but Marlene decided to throw one of her not infrequent tantrums — My God! Leigh' he said the last between clenched teeth.

Leigh raised her violet eyes to meet the chill blue eyes of the man she loved. 'Mr. Sinclair,' she acknowledged calmly. 'It's nice to see you again.' What an understatemen'! It was like being given a small slice of heaven.

'Leigh isn't feeling well,' Gavin answered for her.

'Really?' Piers' appraisal deepened. 'Perhaps a little fresh air will make you feel better. Would you like to attend to the music, Gavin, while I take our guest out on to the balcony.'

'But I——'

'I'm sure ——'

Piers moved politely through his guests, smiling and generally acting the courteous host, but all the time Leigh was conscious of his hand firmly on her elbow, making her escape impossible. She became aware of a look more penetrating than the others they were receiving and looked up into the venemous green eyes of a tall willowy blonde, her voluptuous figure encased in a golden gown that was almost a second skin.

The girl moved forward with a grace that assured all who looked at her that she was well aware of the fact that her body was beautiful. 'Piers,' the girl said huskily, placing an intimate hand on his arm and effectively stopping his progress. 'Where are you going, darling?' she purred.

Piers seemed totally unmoved by this girl's sensuous beauty, holding Leigh immovable at his side. 'I'm taking Leigh outside to get some fresh air,' he replied curtly.

'But Piers,' the model pouted prettily. 'I wouldn't mind some air too.'

He laughed at her, rather cruelly, Leigh thought. 'My dear Marlene, you haven't been in the fresh air for years, you'd probably be ill if you did. Now why don't you go and see Roger, I'm sure he would welcome your company.'

'But Piers ——'

'Marlene!' Piers snapped in exasperation before walking away from her.

Leigh quivered under the absolute hate directed at her from the other girl. And she hadn't said a word! She hadn't been given the chance to. Piers had seen to that. But she couldn't blame him, she must be rather an embarrassment to him. Oh God, she wished she had never come here and forced Piers into a situation he abhorred.

On the veranda outside it was bitterly cold. And the chill wasn't merely in the air.

Piers said dryly, "I wish to God you hadn't come here tonight. You don't belong here."

Two bright spots of colour appeared in Leigh's otherwise pale cheeks. 'You're right,' she said between clenched teeth, suppressing tears of anger in her constricted throat, 'I don't belong here, here in a world that's artificial and false. But you do! Oh yes — you do!' she waved her arm in the general direction of the room they had just left. 'You belong to that world of glamour because you're like the rest of them in there, artificial and false!'

'You don't mean that, Leigh. You're saying it because you're hurt and angry. When I said you don't belong here I meant —'

'I don't care what you meant!' She shook off his restraining hand. 'Whatever way you meant it you were right. And the sooner I get out of here the better!'

After entering the room she looked around desperately for Gavin, but he was nowhere to be seen. Well, she would leave without him. Perhaps she could leave a message with the manservant. That was it, that's what she would do.

'Are you looking for someone?'

Leigh turned to face Marlene Shaw, and although the words were said politely enough, the face said something completely different. 'I'm looking for Gavin,' Leigh said.

'I haven't seen you at any of Piers' other parties. Are you a friend of his?'

'As Mr. Sinclair has already told you, I'm a friend of his son, nothing more. Now if you'll excuse me I ——'

'Ah, Leigh,' Piers spoke from behind her, firmly gripping her arm as if at any moment she might run away again, which she probably would if she had the chance. 'We haven't finished our conversation yet. Come with me.'

Leigh had little choice but to do as he said, as for the second time that evening Piers had her in a position where she couldn't get away from him, unless she caused a scene, of course, and that she had no intention of do-

Continued on page 45

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ABOVE RIGHT : Look cool and collected in this white saree with a border of chrysanthemums in green printed over a stripped border in blue.

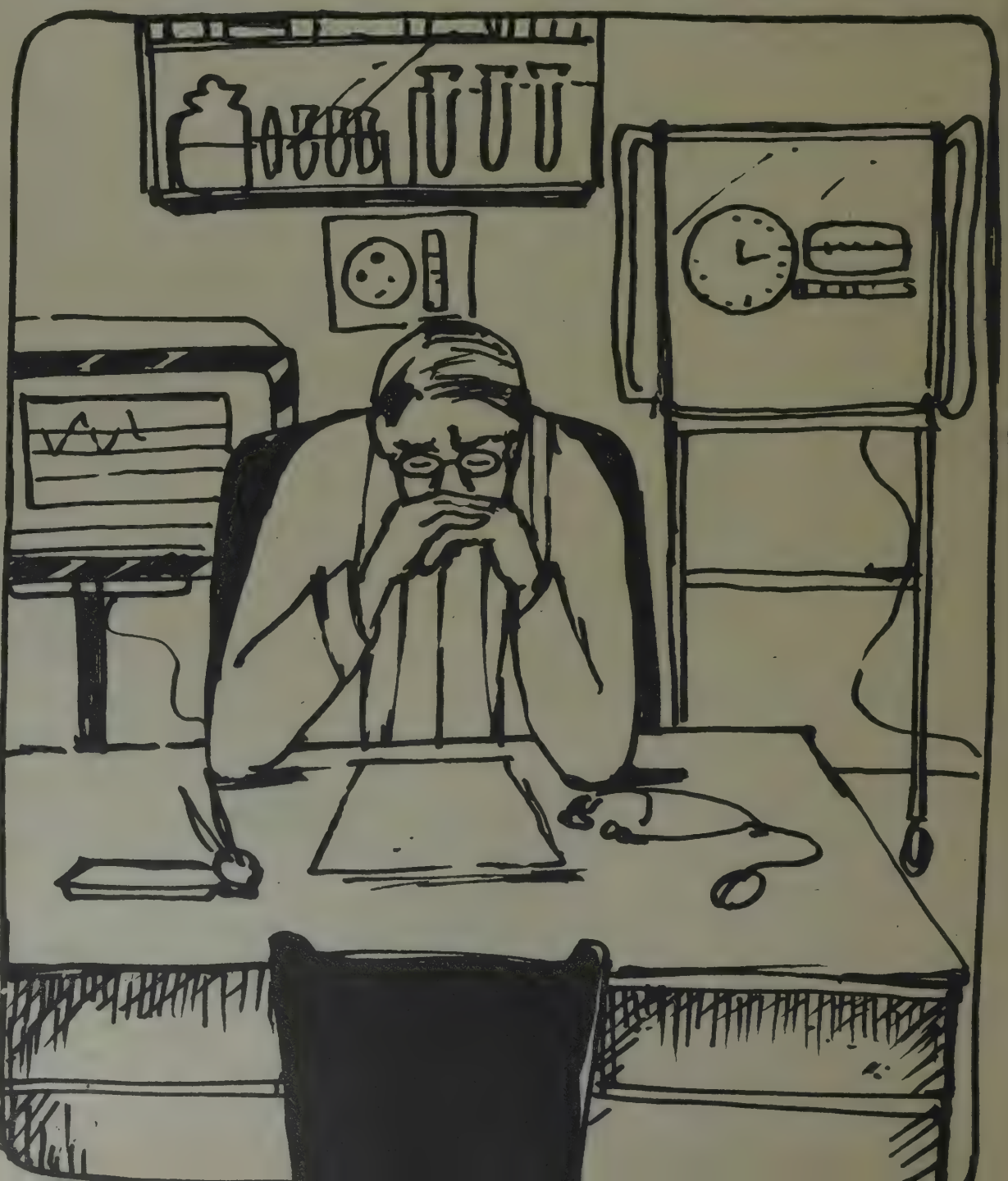
RIGHT : It's flowers all the way — a white and blue checked saree, has tulips printed at the skirt edge; while the other has white roses printed over a combination of green and navy blue.

Courtesy : Vichitra Sarees

Photographs : Avinash Pasricha

true confession

I CONSIGNED A YOUNG GIRL TO WIDOWHOOD



I sit still in the silence of my hospital, gazing at the impersonal gadgets of modern science which spell out such a personal misfortune for me. The X-ray machine seems to mock me. The wheelchairs and trolleys, the beds and chairs have a new smell which has not yet worn off. I get up and pace around. The laboratory is empty of people but the newness is here too. I cannot bear to touch the test-tubes and vials.

I paid a dear price for all this. The widowhood of a young girl. The thought rankles.

There is the noise of a car outside and I start from my reverie. The door of the laboratory opens and a voice says, "Ajay?" A light floods the room as she clicks on the switch. "What are you doing in the dark? It is so late. I was worried. I came out here in a taxi." I look at her small pinched face, the narrow neck and sad eyes ringed with black. Before her son died, she was so full of buoyancy. She is now a shadow of her former self. It is my wife Maity. How long it seems since I met and married her. But it is only four short years. She was a nurse in the same hospital where I stagnated as a doctor. I had got the job because I had to do something to survive. But I was not pleased with it. I was an impersonal faceless medico in the teeming hospital complex with two rooms on the premises and a regular pay packet. It was not what I had visualised when I graduated from medical college. I had such dreams then of scaling the very heights of prosperity, with a flourishing independent practice, culminating in my very own hospital.

"Come on, let's go home," she says, tucking her arm into mine. I allow myself to be led meekly. Lately she has been worried about me. My sleepless nights, my harrowing spells of dejection, my vacuous silences. She has not voiced the thought but I know it is uppermost in her mind. She wants me to see a psychiatrist. She did try to ring one up but was interrupted by my entry. She gave a sharp cry as I blundered up and snatched the phone from her hand. "What are you up to? Do you think I'm mad?" She shrank away and never mentioned the incident again.

I am not as young as you might imagine. I am fifty-two years old. Maity is my second wife. My first wife died leaving me two daughters. I educated them and when they grew up, I found them husbands. It was not easy. I had to pinch and scrape and take loans to bring off the alliances. The boys were well-settled and their parents demanded dowries. My savings were way below their demands.

The departure of my daughters left me lonely and impoverished. I attended to my hospital work during the day and then slunk back to my two rooms to brood on my luckless life. I became such a recluse, hardly going out or indulging in any entertainment, that my colleagues kept away. There was one senior nurse who looked favourably on me. It was Maity. She was forty-five years old and though she wasn't a good-looker, she had a compassionate bedside manner with the patients and a voice which soothed away the most profound grief.

I think it was her kindness more than anything else which awoke me in those days when life was stark and empty. She was like a fresh breeze in my arid existence. Evenings were pleasanter, sitting in her room and listening to her collection of records. But when I did that too often, people in the hospital began to gossip, so we started going out and spending time in each other's company. We saw films, a rare diversion for me. I was surprised to find I actually enjoyed some of them or maybe it was on account of Maity's animated chatter. There was such a joy of living bubbling incessantly in her, that I wondered if she ever felt depressed or gloomy. She had confided that she was a widow. Her husband had lost his life at sea.

Maity had been inconsolable for a while, but then realised she had to live not for herself but for the child she was carrying at the time of the tragedy. She had stayed with her parents in Cochin and undergone her nurses' training and later taken up a job with a local doctor. From there, she had drifted to a public hospital.

"Where's your son now, Maity?" I asked her.

"He's abroad," she replied, with shining eyes. "A brilliant boy. He went there on a scholarship and has been there since then."

"Don't you ever want to see him?"

"I do," she said. "But it is so far away and going out there costs a fortune."

We must have known each other for well over three years before I could summon the courage to propose to her. At my age, I realised, one didn't tumble into love like light-headed youth. It was a more pondered, practical kind of decision. We were both in need of companionship and our temperaments were tuned to each other. Maity accepted at once. We were two middle-aged people who needed each other.

When she wrote to her son, I was a trifle apprehensive as to how he would react but he was wildly congratulatory in his reply. He said he would come to India so that he could be present at the wedding too. He had finished his studies and had managed to procure a very good job with a shipping company based in Bombay.

When Maity showed me the letter, there were tears of joy in her eyes. "Look, Ajay," she said, "My son is coming home to me. What a wonderful wedding present."

He was a handsome youth and his foreign stay had given him a glow and confidence which I envied. He shook hands with me warmly and called me "Papa." I guessed Maity had instructed him about this when she wrote to him. We had a quiet wedding in the registrar's office and then went out for lunch.

Maity said over the first course, "What are your plans, my son?" He told her about his job and how lucrative it was, about his experiences abroad and how much he had profited from them.

"People are already making inquiries about you," she said

"People?" asked Ravi nonplussed.

"Yes," she replied. "People with marriageable daughters."

"There's no hurry, mama," he said. "I have all the time in the world."

In the one month that Ravi stayed with us before he sailed so many offers of marriage poured in that I was hard put to scan through them. Maity had passed practically all of them on to me as she thought I was the best judge. Life was one whirl of parties. Ravi got invited everywhere and with him, we got invitations too. My two daughters who had come down to congratulate us, put their heads together, match-making for Ravi. He was thoroughly teased.

It was as I was going through the innumerable letters that an idea took shape in my mind. It was so exciting that my hands trembled. Something I had dreamt of all my life was now almost within reach. If I could amass a dowry from Ravi's marriage, I would be able to set up independent practice. . . maybe even own my own little nursing home. Of course, it was a great risk to take at my age but I was too far carried away to care. The repeated trips I had made to banks in search of loans, the years of desperate longing for a flourishing practice were now suddenly translated into something feasible.

I sat up half the night, drafting carefully worded replies to those letters. I had to speak my mind, yet not seem too greedy. I told Maity nothing of my plans and quietly posted the letters next morning. In a week, the replies came. Some professed their inability to scrape up so much cash. Others hinted they would complain to the law if I pressurised them. It gave me a jolt. In the feverish anxiety to get money, I had not reckoned it would be unsafe to put my thoughts in writing. I was in a spin. Just suppose the police came to know? My luck was so bad that I expected all kinds of hurdles.

I was fortunate. In a week's time I was lucky to get a favourable response from a local industrialist who had a daughter to marry off. He came over himself, bringing the girl with him and said he would consent to all my demands if Ravi married his daughter. After all, buying my hospital equipment would not pinch him much. In fact, he would consider it an investment. After all, whatever he gave us would ultimately be his daughter's. If I flourished, the young people would inherit that much more.

His reasoning appealed to me. Granted that I would not live forever, I would still be able to realise my life's ambition and the luxuries of success. I told Maity as soon as she came in from duty. "There is a fantastic offer from the house of Alex. He had come over with his daughter Nila."

"Oh," she said. "I hope you offered him tea and snacks."

"I made him stay for dinner and kept him here, hoping Ravi would come back home. But there was no sign of him till they had left."

The needle jumped wildly, the graph showed Ravi had a weak heart. I kept the knowledge to myself. Else, it would have meant the end of Ravi's marriage alliance, and the end of my dream. I needed the clinic that his father-in-law had set up for me

"Do you suppose we will be able to fix it up before Ravi sails?"

"I will arrange for Ravi and the girl to meet tomorrow itself."

"Oh Ajay, I love you so."

Ravi and Nila met next evening and went out a couple of times before giving their assent to the match. Maity was delighted and so was I. A marriage was hurriedly fixed up because Ravi had to sail shortly. Everyday there were trips to the shops to buy clothes and gifts. I didn't mind the extra expense because I knew it would be returned a thousandfold when Alex gave me the equipment for my own clinic.

Two days before the wedding, Ravi looked into my office room in the hospital. He came to say the equipment had already been installed by his would-be-father-in-law in the brand new premises rented for me. It would please him if I drove there with him to see the place. I was delighted. I didn't know Alex would act so fast.

Outside, in Alex's chauffeur-driven car, Nila was sitting in the back seat. "Hello, Papa," she said. "Good day, my child," I replied. Ravi held the door open and I got in. He sat next to me. I felt so delirious with excitement that I was afraid I would collapse with the strain. I clenched my hands and sat on the edge of the seat, listening to the pair of young people prattle across me.

It was a beautiful place. Just the kind of clinic I had always dreamed of possessing. We went in and I walked on air, savouring the brand new furniture, the shining machines. Mine. All mine. I ran my hands over the loot.

"What's that machine?" asked Ravi. His voice echoed in the empty room which still smelt of paint.

"It records your heart-beats on a graph. It's called an electro-cardiograph machine," I said.

"Papa, try me out," he said, jesting. "Your first victim."

"No, Ravi," said Nila. "There's nothing wrong with your heart!"

"I know. But it's just for a lark."

With a laugh, I obliged him. I stared at the erratic way the graph jumped, hardly a normal rendering. I glanced sharply at Ravi, but he was oblivious of my panic.

"Am I hale and hearty?" he asked.

"Yes Ravi," I lied. "You are hale and hearty."

After we came out into the streets locking the clinic doors behind us, the scene inside seemed an unreal pantomime to me. Yet the graph could not lie. It had jumped wildly, telling me in no uncertain terms that Ravi had a weak heart. I kept the knowledge to myself. I was afraid that making it public would mean the end of this alliance, the end of my dream.

The marriage went through without a hitch. But I was constantly scanning Ravi's face for the least signs of strain, counselling him to take it easy. His end came on their honeymoon. It was conveyed to me in a personal telegram sent by Nila, that was more accusing than informative, with its stark brevity.

Ravi died of a heart attack this evening. Papa why didn't you tell me?

Nila.

I tore it up before Maity could see it.

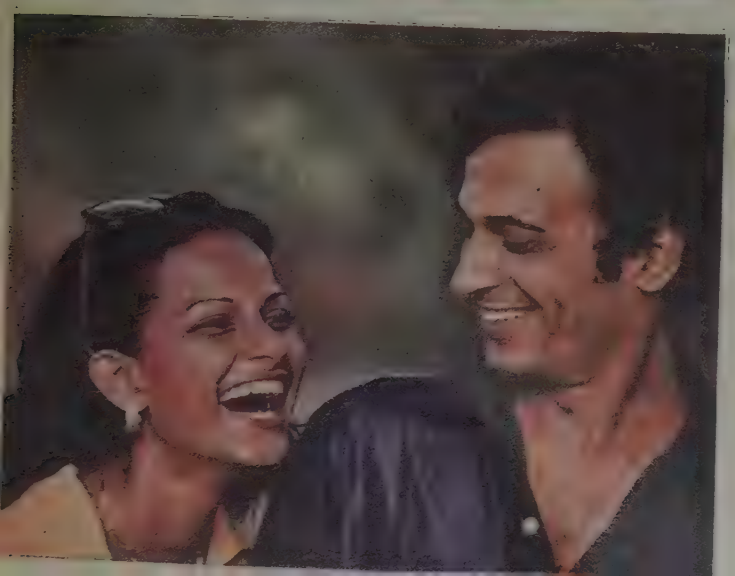
Then I broke the news to her as quietly as I could. She was inconsolable and her every sob was like a dagger through my heart.

When Nila came to her father's house and I went to see her there, I could not face her. But she took my hands and sobbed. "I'm sorry, Papa. I was wrong. You couldn't have known. Such things happen suddenly, don't they?" I let her cry on my shoulder, not saying anything, guiltladen and numb.

Today I am heir to a clinic which was given to me by Alex in return for his daughter's happiness. The newness has not yet worn off but I cannot bring myself to use the implements and machines. I go there and sit like a ghoul, eyeing the accusing tools of trade, brooding on my guilt, till my wife comes like an angel of mercy and fetches me when night falls.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Do you know of anyone who has faced a physical handicap with courage and fortitude? We welcome third-person accounts of the lives of such people — how they rose above their circumstances and carved out a meaningful life for themselves. These human interest stories must be true and should be about 1,200 words long, accompanied, wherever possible, with interesting, relevant photographs.



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TRY SOME SPINACH

A diet consisting of adequate amounts of carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, minerals and water gives you a healthy life. Make the best use of the green vegetables such as spinach in your daily cooking. You can make several delicious dishes, a few are given below

Spinach is one of the most nutritive foods. It is very rich in vitamins, iron and calcium. The daily intake of this green vegetable will prevent many deficiency diseases such as anaemia, night-blindness and other troubles.

It is a quick-growing plant, maturing in 2-3 months and grows best in cool and shady places. It can be grown the year round, except during the hottest 2-3 months of the year.

There are two types of spinach:

a) Common palak with leaves having an entire margin.

b) Vilayati palak, with lobed-leaf margin.

The new varieties of vilayati palak are Virginia Savey and Early Smooth Leaf, and of common palak are Pusa Jyoti, Jobner Green and All Green.

Care should be taken when buying the vegetable. Buy fresh palak — greener the palak leaves, the more Carotene (Vitamin A) it contains. Vitamins, particularly Vitamin C, are lost when the vegetable is stale. If you wish to store spinach for a day or so, keep it in a refrigerator.

One of the best ways to cook spinach is to boil and season lightly with salt, black pepper and butter. Chop the vegetable into fairly big pieces. By chopping into smaller pieces, you expose greater amount of cut surface, and hence quicker will be the loss of vitamins. Cook the chopped spinach in a hot cooking medium — water or oil. Placing in a cold medium and gradually raising the heat will result in a greater loss of vitamin C. Cook spinach for a sufficiently long time. Overcooking will destroy the vitamins.

SPINACH KOFTA CURRY

1 bunch spinach
½ cup channa dal
1" piece ginger
½ tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. garam masala powder
4 medium size tomatoes
4 medium size onions
1 tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. coriander powder
¼ cup fresh cream
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Chop and wash the spinach well. Steam cook for five minutes. Drain and keep aside. Soak channa dal for about six hours. Grind coarsely along with half inch piece of ginger, cummin seeds and spinach. To this ground mixture, add one finely-chopped onion, salt, half teaspoon each of chilli and garam masala powders. Mix well. In a karahi, heat oil. Shape the above mixture into koftas. Drop about 10-12 koftas in the hot oil and fry until brown on all sides. Repeat with the rest of the mixture. Keep them aside.

Blanch tomatoes in boiling water for two to three minutes. Remove and cool. Peel and mash the tomatoes. Keep aside. Grate onions and ginger. In three to four tablespoons of oil, fry onion and ginger. Sprinkle water in between if it sticks to the bottom

of the vessel. When the onions have acquired golden brown colour, add tomato pulp and chilli powder. Fry well till the oil separates. Add turmeric and coriander powders. Add enough water to make the gravy. Cook on low heat for about 15-20 minutes. Sprinkle garam masala powder. Just before serving, add koftas and bring it to a boil. Remove in a serving dish and pour cream over it.

PALAK PANEER

200 grams spinach
1 litre milk
1 cup curd
5-6 cloves garlic
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 small onion
½ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tomatoes
Salt to taste
2-3 tbsps. ground nut oil
¼ tsp. cummin seeds

Boil milk and add curds. When it curdles remove from the fire. Pass through a clean muslin cloth, tie loosely and hang till most of the whey drains off. Shape it and keep the bag under a heavy weight for about 15 minutes.

Cut the paneer in cubes and fry till golden brown. Leave in water. Wash and chop the spinach very finely. Boil in a little water until soft. Cool and grind coarsely.

Grate onion, grind ginger, garlic and chilli powder to a paste. Blanch the tomatoes. Remove the skin and keep the pulp aside.

Fry together the grated onions and the ground paste. Add tomato pulp, salt, turmeric and half teaspoon chilli powder. Fry till the oil separates. Add ground palak and paneer pieces. Cook on a slow fire until dry. Fry a little. In a teaspoon of oil, add one-fourth teaspoon of cummin-seeds and half teaspoon of red chilli powder. Pour over the cooked palak paneer just before serving.

SPINACH RING

1 cup finely chopped cooked spinach
250 grams potatoes
2-3 slices of boiled beetroot
1 cup soft bread crumbs
3 tsps. butter
2 tsps. flour
1 cup milk
100 grams cheese, grated
2 eggs (optional)
Salt and pepper to taste

Boil potatoes, peel and mash well. Add salt and one tablespoon of melted butter. Make a sauce with butter, flour and milk. When thickened and smooth add the grated cheese. Remove from the fire and stir until cheese is melted. Add the beaten eggs (optional), thoroughly drained spinach, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Pour into a buttered six and-a-half inch ring mould and bake in the oven for 40-45 minutes. Unmould on a serving plate. In the meanwhile fill the centre with hot mashed potatoes. Garnish the plate with tiny buttered pieces of beetroot.

SPINACH SALAD

100 grams spinach
1 small onion
1 sprig celery
2 hard boiled eggs

FOR THE LEMON DRESSING :

1½ tsp. oil
1 tbsp. flour (maida)
¼ cup water
½ egg yolk
¼ tsp. mustard powder
¼ tsp. salt
A pinch of white pepper
1 tbsp. lemon juice
¼ cup salad oil

Wash spinach leaves thoroughly, preferably under running water. Chop them in pieces. Mince onion fine. Wash and cut celery. Mix all together with sliced eggs and chilli.

Heat oil, add flour and stir well. Add water and make white sauce. Remove and pour into the remaining ingredients and beat rapidly. Add this lemon dressing just before serving.

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SPINACH SOUP

1 bunch palak
1 big onion
4 flakes garlic
½" piece ginger
1 tomato (big)
2 tsps. butter
1-2 tsps. flour
1½ cups milk
¼ tsp. garam masala powder
Salt and pepper to taste

Remove the palak stems and wash the leaves thoroughly. Chop onion, garlic and ginger and tomato. Pressure cook all together with two cups of water for five minutes. Let the pressure drop by itself. Cool and pour into the blender for one to two minutes. Transfer into a steel bowl.

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE :

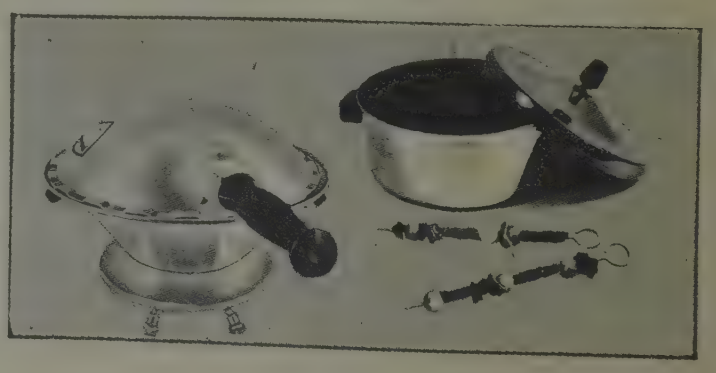
Melt the butter in a thick saucepan, lightly fry the flour and pour milk. Stir constantly till it acquires thick consistency. Add palak puree. If it is thick, add water. Add salt, pepper, garam masala powder and bring it to boil. Remove and serve hot. You can pour fresh cream if desired.

Duru Jagtiani

(Author of "Nutritious Recipes for Vigorous Health")

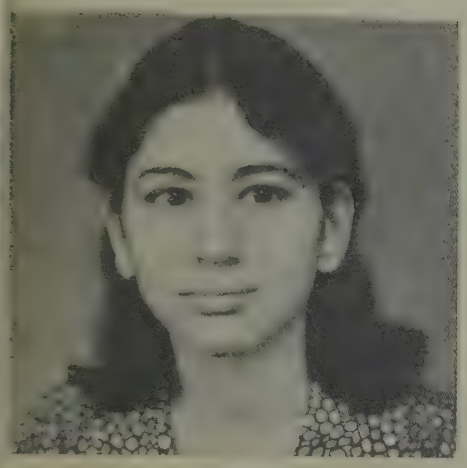
MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A SUPERCOOK GAS Tandoor with two skewers from M/S. GLOBE SUPER PARTS, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A 4¾ litre Casserole (Dec.) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES BOMBAY, and 4) a book "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by AROONA REEJSINGHANI.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

recipes from our readers



Miss Diana Dastur, Nagpur.

VEGETABLE GARDEN WITH CHICKEN AND HAM

1 small sandwich loaf
Butter for frying
1 chicken, boiled, boned, and cubed
1 cup chicken stock
125 grams ham, chopped
2 hard boiled eggs, chopped

BOILED AND MASHED TOGETHER:

500 grams potatoes, boil and peel
1 tbsp. butter
2 tbsps. milk
1 egg
1 tsp. salt

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE:

1 cup milk
60 grams butter
30 grams flour
A little salt

FOR THE COTTAGE CHEESE:

4 cups milk
Salt to taste
½ cup curds

FOR THE GARNISH:

1 tbsp. tomato ketchup
10 French beans, boiled
1 beetroot, boiled
2 tbsps. greenpeas, boiled
1 carrot, boiled
1 cucumber
1 tomato
A few lettuce leaves
2 or 3 radishs
Parsley leaves, chopped

FOR THE CURD MAYONNAISE:

4 cups curd
Salt to taste
2 tsps. mustard
¼ tsp. chilli powder
¼ tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. lemon juice

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE:

Melt butter in a pan. Add flour and stir with a spoon. Cook till light golden. Add milk stirring all the time taking care that no lumps form. Stir till the sauce is thick and creamy. Add salt.

FOR THE COTTAGE CHEESE:

Boil milk and while boiling add curd and a little salt to separate curd. Pour into a muslin cloth and let the water drip out. Remove when dry and set.

FOR THE MAYONNAISE:

Beat curd till very thick and creamy. If water separates, drain it off. Add the remaining ingredients and mix into the boiled vegetables.

Cut off the top of loaf, hollow out centre, and fry each part separately in butter. Make the filling by mixing white sauce, chicken, chicken stock, ham and eggs. Fill the loaf, replace top, and shape with mashed potato to form a cottage. Place the cottage in a large serving dish or flat plate, fixing it with mashed potato. Surround and garnish with potato, cream cheese and vegetables mixed with ketchup and mayonnaise to form a garden.

Mrs. Olive Nair, Madras.

PRAWN AND PAPAYA DELICACY

1 cup prawns
1 dtsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
½" piece ginger
5 onion leeks
1½ dtsps. thick tamarind juice
¾ cup water
½ cup cooking oil
A few curry leaves
Salt to taste

TO PREPARE PAPAYA FLAKES:

2 cups raw papaya, scraped
1 tsp. coconut, scraped
1 tsp. garlic, crushed
1 tsp. onion, crushed
2 green chillis, slit lengthwise
½ tsp. salt
1 cup water

Clean, wash and devine the prawns. Cut into pieces. Squeeze out the water and keep aside. Grind the ginger and all the powdered masalas into a fine paste. Heat the oil in a frying pan. When smoking, add the curry leaves and then the ground ingredients. Fry a little. Add the prawns and stir well. Add water, salt and tamarind juice. Cook over high flame for a while, lower the heat and simmer for about 10 to 15 minutes. Dish out and keep aside.

Heat oil in a frying pan. When hot put in the garlic, onion, and green chillis. Saute for a while, add the scraped papaya, salt and water and cook till done. Dry thoroughly and remove from the fire onto a plate. Spread papaya flakes evenly and arrange the cooked prawns on top. Stir the mixture gently and serve hot.

1 weekly winner

Mrs. Ishwari G. Punjabi of Bombay wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

EGG FOO YUNG WITH SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

FOR THE EGG FOO YUNG:

6 eggs
½ cup cabbage, shredded
½ cup French beans, sliced, long and thin
¼ cup capsicum, sliced, long and thin
½ cup carrot, sliced, long and thin
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. pepper
1 tsp. soya sauce
Salt to taste
Salad oil for frying
A pinch aji-no-moto

FOR THE SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE:

½ cup tomato sauce
¼ cup vinegar
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup water
2 tbsps. cornflour, mixed with ½ cup water
¼ tsp. pepper
Salt to taste
½ cup carrot, parboiled and cut into 1 cm rings

Heat four tablespoons oil in a pan and add the shredded cabbage, french beans, capsicum, carrot, spring onions, aji-no-moto, salt and pepper. Cook over a high flame, stirring all the time for about three minutes. Add the sugar and soya sauce and cook in the same manner for about two minutes. Remove the vegetables from the pan and cool.

Break the eggs in a bowl and beat well. Add salt and the cooked vegetables. Heat oil in a pan. Pour some of the vegetable-egg mixture and spread out quickly. When the underside is cooked, turn over and cook the other side, pouring a little more oil on the sides, if necessary. Remove the omelette in a flat serving dish and fold over. In the same manner, prepare omelettes from the remaining mixture and remove in the serving dish, placing them in a single layer. This mixture will make about six to eight omelettes.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Mix together tomato sauce, vinegar, sugar, water, salt, pepper and carrot. Allow the mixture to boil. Stir once. Add the cornflour mixed with half cup water and cook for two minutes, stirring all the time.

Pour the sauce over the omelettes or serve separately.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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Technical expertise, harmonious blending of colours, diversity of themes and visual appeal are all manifest in Kanu Nayak's batik paintings.
Graceful human forms, mythology, birds and animals, trees and flowers and still life. . . .
his subjects are varied.
The cubistic influence and the use of reactive colours for a bright effect are evident in the paintings featured here.

"As regards technique and style, one must deviate from the beaten path," believes Kanu.

He has been experimenting with this art form for years — the result is fresh and exciting as you can see. Kanu's works adorn many a home in India and abroad.

Winner of many awards, this versatile artist has several exhibitions to his credit.
Author of several books on art, he is currently teaching at Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Arts, Bombay.

1. "Moving Dream" — the bride in the palanquin dreams of her future life.

2. "Maternal Affection" is a beautiful portrayal of a mother's love for her child. The yellow background depicts the new life for the child.

3. "Consciousness" — contentment/serenity, struggles/sorrows are part of everybody's life.

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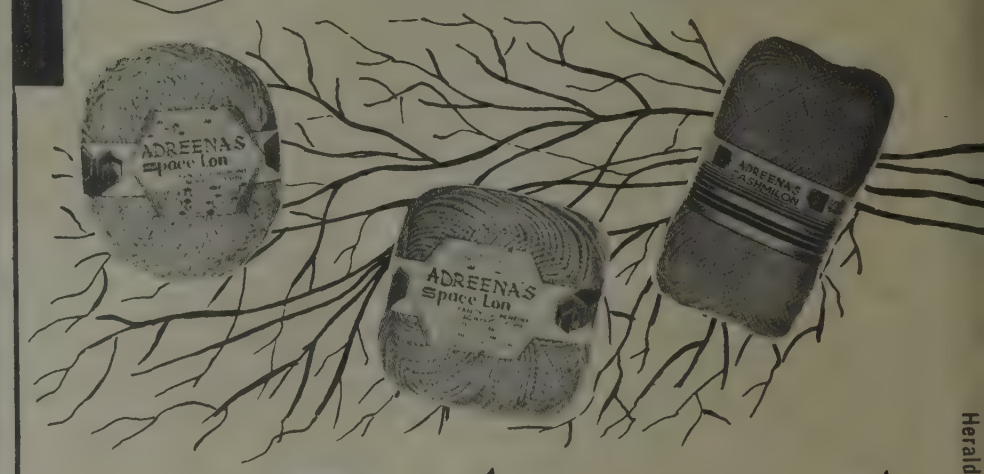

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AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Herald

process is more involved, and the patients need three to four days' complete bed rest.

In the operation room a 15-year-old girl, who has been brought in from her village outside Bombay, is on the table. She says that some man did this to her when she was coming home from school. She has been given an injection two days before, and she still has not aborted. On the table, when her cervix is expanded, the foetus drops out. **The girl is squirming with pain. The doctor puts her pincers into the waste bucket where the blood and placenta are collecting. She holds the foetus up high in front of her and says, "See the hands and the feet? Will you do it again."** While the girl is shaking her head in pain (I'm sure this girl will be frightened of sex for her life if she has not already been due to the rape), I run out of the room, unable to stand it anymore.

What is surprising is that the women patients take it, with no complaints. Of the fifteen women I talked to who had had abortions, none complained of bad treatment. It was as if they were saying that they had no right to complain since they were getting it free.

The family planning doctor explains: "What you are describing is most common. Many women doctors from the middle class have this sense of morality, and they really look down on poor women. It is as if their whole world of purity, virginity, family, is being thrown out the window. So you find that women doctors are not necessarily more sympathetic to women patients here. On the other hand, male doctors are also a problem. At the Cama Hospital for women, there used to be only female doctors. Ever since they took in male doctors, there has been a decline in the number of incoming patients. Women patients still prefer women doctors."

"Not without reason," says a disgruntled female medical student, "after seeing how male doctors treat women patients. **I've also seen cases where the ward boys have got drunk and gone to the female wards and felt the women all over. Who can these women complain to?"**

Compare this to the procedure at the Pearl Centre. Here a woman walks into a waiting room, she is seen by a social worker within ten minutes. The social worker spends about 10 minutes with her and answers any questions the patient may have. She goes into the operation room immediately and in five minutes the operation is over, and she is lying in a quiet room, and can go home anytime she is ready. Drugs are given, and she is asked to come back in a month for a check-up.

It is surprising that no women's organisations have taken up the question of women and health in India.

ABORTION: doctors laugh, ward boys watch

Continued from page 13

At the Cama Hospital, the Association of Medical Residents demanded and fought for the entry of male doctors into the system. The women patients were never consulted. No-one thought of organising the women from the areas around the hospital who used these facilities to say that they did not want male doctors. And the fact that they did not want male doctors is obvious since the number of cases at the hospital has declined sharply now.

There is no study about the psychological effects of abortion. Also, as far as I am aware, there are no abortion counselling centres in India. These centres sprang up abroad when women found that they needed some place, somebody with whom they could discuss their fears and problems. A recognition that abortion is a difficult emotional decision for a woman, that she does go through conflict, depression and loneliness.

Only in one case do doctors recognise that the process of abortion leaves a scar on a woman's life, and that is when they do an abortion for a newly-married girl who is coming for her first abortion. They always prescribe general anaesthesia. "The reason — to prevent the woman from feeling the pain and hence to prevent the chance that she will never want a sexual experience again."

IN THE RURAL AREAS

The health needs of rural areas are serviced by primary health centres, which supposedly exist at a ratio of one health centre for 100,000 people. A PHC theoretically should be equipped to perform abortions. However, very few PHCs actually perform abortions, either because they do not have the necessary equipment or because the doctors have not been certified.

The basic equipment required to do a suction abortion is a vacuum pump which sucks out the foetus and uterine lining. An electrically operated one costs approximately Rs. 2,000. However, its applicability is limited to those areas which have electricity. There are no mobile vans which can perform abortions in far-off villages.

ALTERNATIVES

However, a new piece of equipment, marketed as a 'menstrual regulator kit', can help greatly in decreasing the dangers of abortions done by non-medicals. In America, this kit is sold off the counter as an almost 'do it yourself' kit. The equipment is simple. It consists of a syringe with a plastic cannula attached to it. With the help of the cannula, the uterine lining is drawn out. This procedure can be applied within 14 days of a missed period. The advantage is that there is absolutely no danger of perforation of the uterus since the plastic cannula bends when it comes in contact with any surface.

This equipment, which any paramedical personnel can use, could make a big difference in the urban and rural areas. Any woman can be taught to handle the syringe. However, there is only one danger. And that is if the woman has miscalculated her period days: if more than two weeks have elapsed since she missed her period, the foetus will be bigger and the syringe pressure will be insufficient to perform a total abortion.

Another major breakthrough is the pill which induces abortions. This is composed of 'prostoglandins' which induce uterine contractions. Currently, research is going on with a suppositor — a pill which is inserted into the vagina if a period is missed. Such a pill starts off the contractions, and a period follows. Thus instead of a woman swallowing a contraceptive pill daily for years, she could use this method which she will need once in six months perhaps.

It is obvious that if the law is to have an effect on the number of illegal abortions — with their side effects of death, sterility, infection — the procedure has to be simplified so that MTPs can be performed in the remotest parts of India; and public hospitals will have to change their manner of dealing with women. However, this attitude will change only when women themselves demand that the medical profession not treat them as objects, and give them care and understanding during a period of grave emotional crisis.

METHODS OF ABORTION

Menstrual regulation: Done up to 6 to 8 weeks of pregnancy. This is similar to the suction operation, but the cervix requires little dilation. It can be done without anaesthesia, and is painless. It can also be done with a syringe specially made for this purpose.

Suction: (Also known as suction curettage, vacuum curettage and uterine aspiration.) Done up to 10-12 weeks. The cervix is dilated with a series of metal rods or by using an absorbent material like seaweed which dilates the cervix gradually. A negative pressure is used for less than a minute, sucking out the fertilised ovum and superficial layers of the growth. Both the above methods are quick, involve little dilatation, minimum risk of infection, and little chance of scarring of the uterus.

D & C: Dilatation and curettage. Used up to 12 weeks. The cervix is mechanically enlarged by a series of increasingly large metal rods, and the uterus scrapped with a curettage, a spoon-like instrument. The operation takes 10-15 minutes, and is usually done under general anaesthesia. This process, used for abortions before the suction method was discovered in 1927, was used also to cleanse the uterus of abnormal growth. In this method the possibility of the perforation of the uterus is higher since the instrument is actually scraping the uterine wall.

Salting Out: (also referred to as intra-amniotic hyperfonic saline, amniocentesis, saline evacuation): Used from 12-20 weeks, and also when the foetus has died within the uterus. An injection of salt or sugar replaces the liquid (amniotic fluid) which normally surrounds the foetus. The injection does not harm the mother, but the dead foetus is delivered in 12-48 hours. The saline is injected into the womb through the vagina or the abdominal wall after the amniotic fluid has been removed by a syringe. This process actually kills the foetus and prevents the release of hormones that sustain its life. Because of the killing and actual delivery of the dead foetus, most physicians maintain that despite the physical safety to the mother, emotionally this process is extremely distasteful to mothers themselves. Currently tests using different ways of performing abortions at this stage including injections of prostoglandins, are being carried out.

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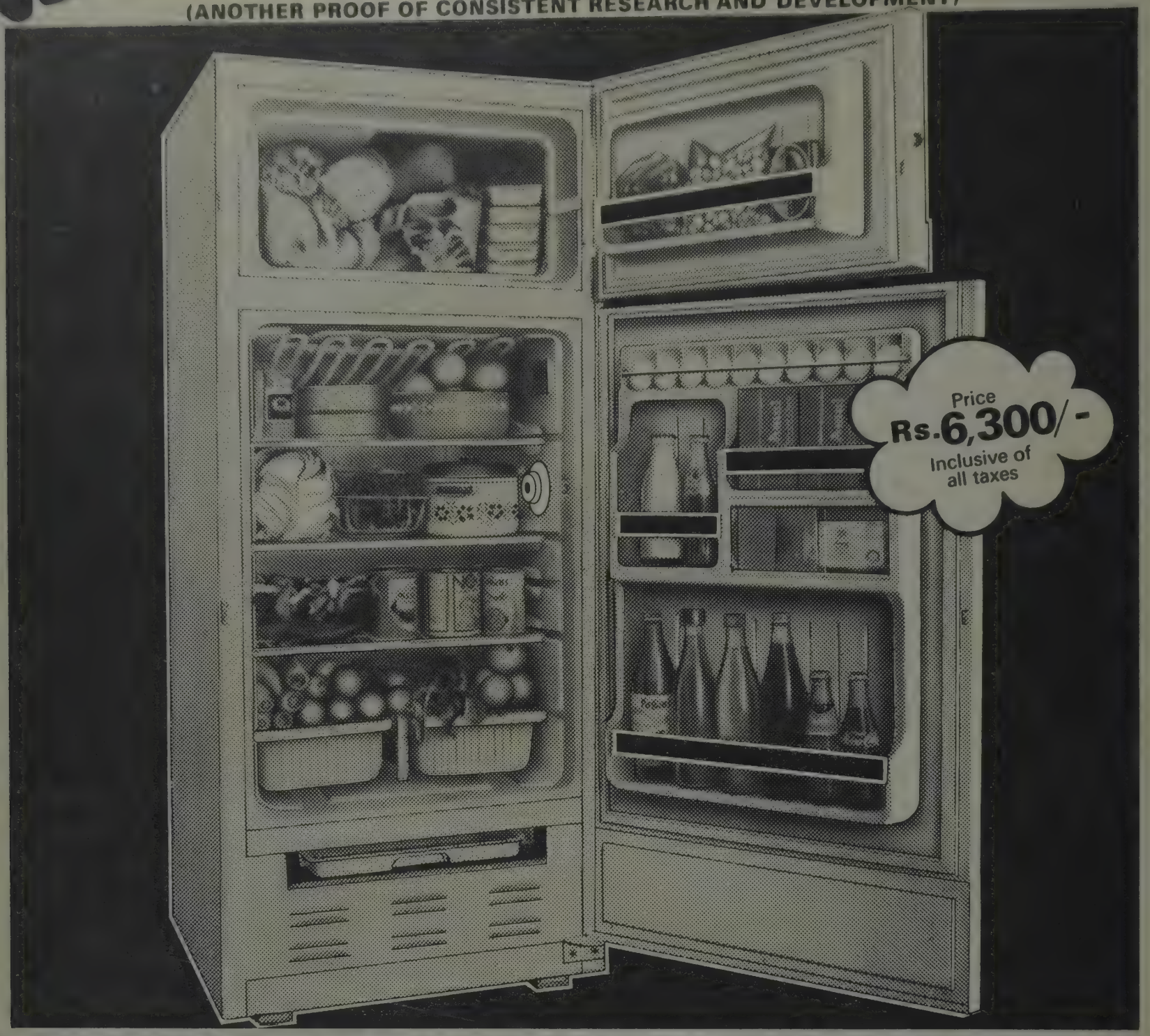

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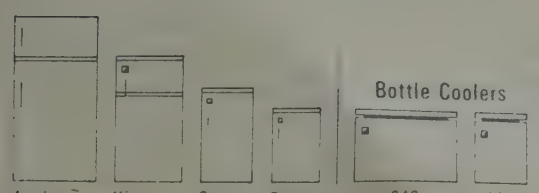

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SULAKSHANA: FIGHTING THE MUZZLE

N. Bharathi

"I want to be a singing star. All my songs have been super hits. Now the pressure is mounting to keep me from singing"

The T.V. was on. The drawing room had the comfy atmosphere of a mini-theatre, with the entire family (and neighbours) sprawled all over, intensely involved in the cricket match. Only Sulakshana Pandit was missing: she was inside, getting ready for this interview.

Two minutes later, she appeared. One of the first things she did was to scold her younger sister, Vijayeta, for not seeking my best wishes. Vijayeta is the latest 15-year-old heroine in the film industry, now that Rajendra Kumar has given her a break opposite his son Bunty in "Love Story". With some effort, Vijayeta dutifully tore herself away from the cricket match and came over to hear me say dutifully, "Best of luck."

Then she went back to the television set and we went inside for our interview. One of the first things I had to clear up with Sulakshana was the rumour that she was not one bit happy about Vijayeta's decision to become an actress.

"It's so ridiculous that journalists should write that I am jealous of my younger sister. You saw for yourself how I introduced her to you properly. Would I have done that if I wanted to stop her from turning a heroine? It is a fact that I've felt that she's too young to become an actress. Even now I feel that way, though she has improved in her behaviour. Previously, I got many offers for her. But everytime I came home and asked her if she wanted to say 'yes', she never even bothered to look up from what she was doing! There were offers like one from Rajshri, another for 'Jadu Tona'. All along she wasn't interested. But now she's ready for it. So it's all right with us."

While the rest of the family is watching the cricket match, how come you aren't keen on it?

"I have become very fond of cricket, but only of late. That's why I haven't been to any match anywhere. All these years, where have I had the time or the inclination for any sort of diversion apart from my singing career?"

Does that mean Sulakshana is now at a stage where she can relax? What about all those people who haven't repeated her in their films?

"At this stage of my acting career, I have stopped feeling insecure. I have 25 to 30 films on hand which will keep me going comfortably for another three years at least. So I don't have the fear of being out of circulation any more. However, I feel a little sad that I am not taken seriously as an actress. Most of the time I am offered roles which require a pretty face, two songs and one dance. Luckily, I started off with a super hit like 'Uljhan' which gave me some standing as an actress. To this day, my fans remember my performance in 'Uljhan' more than anything else. Regarding those producer-directors who have not repeated me, I only wish to clear up this reputation they have given me of being a troublesome artiste. That is not true and it is certainly not the reason why they have not repeated me in their films.

"When I have accosted them for a reason, I have received explanations like: the role doesn't suit you or you have an innocent face and only goody goody roles can be good for you; we can't take you for this because this needs a hard face, etc., etc. I frankly feel that all these are just excuses. I'm intelligent enough to know that much. There are lot of politics and intrigues involved in all these moves. In every film of mine I demand that I should sing at least two of my own songs. This is where the hitch comes. The producer needs a big music director who, in turn, cannot do without certain singers. So the producer or director takes the easy way out by taking another actress and keeping his set-up intact. But I'm not disheartened. In all my films I have at least two songs to sing. Now Vijayeta has also entered the line. Let's see what happens.

"There is, for instance, a recently-released film where the heroine is a singer. Obviously I wouldn't have agreed to play a singer with someone else singing my songs in the background. That would have wiped away all the years of struggle for recognition as a singing actress."

Then Sulakshana gave instances of music directors who refused to accommodate her in the recording rooms. 'Some of them are plain cowards. **Itna darte hain.** All the songs I have sung have been super hits. That's why the pressure is mounting to keep me from singing."

In some of her films, the music director has opted out simply because of Sulakshana's presence in it (and her subsequent demand to sing her own songs). Certain producers have been gutsy enough to take N. Dutta and other less saleable music directors who will give Sulakshana a singing chance. In other films, the music director has been strong enough to have his way so that she has had to bow out of the project. This means a loss of many good films for Sulakshana, but she is determined. In fact, currently she's after R. D. Burman to give Vijayeta at least one song to sing in her "Love Story".

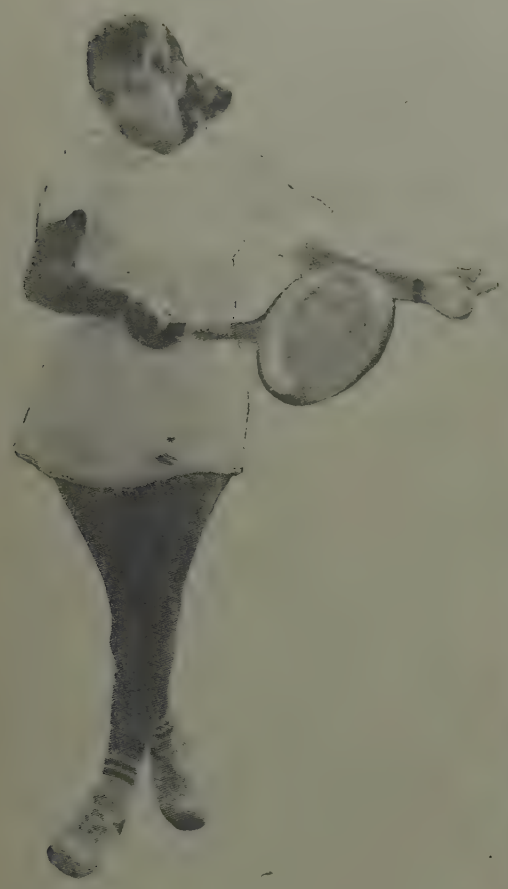
Sulakshana Pandit has more scathing critics than friends. Her singing talent and acting talent apart, she comes across as a good natured girl, determined to have her way in the sole goal in her life.

Sulakshana's birthday falls on August 9. Another August-born who had years and years of bad times but ultimately won the round is Kishore Kumar.

Photograph : Rakesh Shrestha

women in sport

NOT EVEN A SPORTING CHANCE



In spite of their consistently good performances, women are the pariahs of Indian sport. They get neither facilities nor opportunities for gaining experience in international tournaments

R. G. Seshachalam

The Montreal Olympic Games were dominated by women, and since then people have been asking: when are we going to produce an Indian version of Nadia Comaneci or Kornelia Ender?

Before one attempts to answer this question, one must determine the reasons for the none-too-impressive standard of Indian women's sports. For example, we still have no-one to repeat that breathtaking performance of Kamaljit Sandhu in the 400 metres at the 1970-71 Bangkok Asian Games, with the possible exception of Anasuya Bai who occasionally shows flashes of brilliance.

The most important obstacle in the way of potential sportswomen is the society we live in. Most of us want our sisters and daughters to get married and settle down as soon as possible. Sports, and most other extra-curricular activities, are discouraged. Kamaljit Sandhu elaborated this point further. She was very bitter when she said, "The society is the culprit. It is pathetic to note that girls who would be among the 'stars in the making' are being discouraged at home." This is not the case in other countries. In West Germany, sports is coming to be regarded as a preventive measure against the large number of 'civilisation diseases.'

Ample opportunities and facilities are provided to sportswomen in other countries. East German sportsmen or women are chosen in their kindergarten days (Kornelia Ender was picked when she was five and sent to a swimming school) and trained afterwards in the same place under the same coach. To an East German athlete sports is not an extra-curricular activity but a curricular one.

On the other hand, take the case of our aquatic star, Smitha Desai. She has no facilities like Kornelia nor has she the guidance of an expert coach. Nevertheless, she was able to reach the top by sheer determination and hard work. In India, for a person who takes a sports career seriously, there is no economic security. Except for the Indian Railways, and of late some banks, no one is keen to recruit sportswomen.

ABOVE LEFT: Nirupama Mankad, tennis star.

ABOVE: Basketball star Janis Price about to score a goal. "Our standard can improve only if we play regularly with teams from abroad."

Politics is another bane hampering the growth of sports in India. The affairs of many women's sports associations are not conducive to the development of sports. Till last year, we had two women's hockey associations in the country. There is a rift in the Women's Cricket Association of India which has hampered the growth of cricket. Surprisingly, the administrators of women's sports associations in India are all men. Only the Tamil Nadu Cricket Women's Association has women as office-bearers. Another instance of a woman handling the administrative task ably is of Mrs. Monique Berlloux, Executive Director of the International Olympic Committee. It is only due to her deft handling that the Olympic Committee will be making a profit in the Moscow Summer Games in 1980 on account of television rights being given exclusively to the NBC.

The most important handicap Indian sportswomen face is the lack of competitive tournaments. "We have only two competitions at the national level in Women's Hockey — Inter-Varsity and the Nationals. How can you expect us to improve?" asks Geeta Sareen, captain of the Indian Women's Hockey team.

Rarin' to go. Promising cricketers being coached at the N.I.S., Patiala.

Another pertinent point was made by Janis Price, ace basketball player. She says that no attempt has been made to send women's teams abroad. "We do not want to visit other countries just for the pleasure of it. We want to learn the latest techniques of the game and gain valuable experience. Last year, we were called for the Asian Basketball Confederation Championships camp at Patiala. But the trip did not materialise owing to lack of funds. Our standard can improve only if we play regularly with teams from abroad," she says.

Another pitiable aspect is sex discrimination. The Badminton Federation of India sent Prakash Padukone and Syed Modi for intensive training to Indonesia. They overlooked the case of women players, and Ami Ghia in particular. This is true of the All-India Lawn Tennis Association, too. They ignore women players, but every year pick a boys' squad for an intensive European tour. For the development of women's tennis in the country, and that too on the initiative of Mrs. Leela Shantamallappa, Secretary of the Karnataka State Lawn Tennis Association (the first woman to hold such a post), an Inter-State Women's Lawn Tennis championship has at last been started.

Shakuntala Khatavkar, kabadi star: "The media ignore women's sports events."

Kamaljit Sandhu, ace athlete. She retired from sport in 1972.

Again, men cricketers are making a lot of money. But, we are told, the women cricketers were not paid even though there were good gate collections during the series with the West Indies. Shanta Rangaswamy, captain of the Indian team, said in a recent interview, "We were not paid a single paisa, even in the Test matches, irrespective of the collections."

No serious attempt has been made to tap talent among the rural population. Annual rural sports meets, to be precise, the National Rural Sports Programme, have proved to be a big tamasha. It is tragic that we have been able to spot only one sportswoman — middle distance runner Shashikalamani at Shimoga (Karnataka) some years ago — in all the rural meets held so far.

The media are also to be blamed for neglecting women's sports. "They have a stepmotherly attitude towards us," said Shakuntala Khatavkar, ace kabadi player. Her complaint was understandable considering the fact that the major English newspapers completely ignored the recent National Women's Sports Festival held at Bangalore and its coverage even by TV and radio was negligible.

Even the time of conducting the Festival has not been welcomed in many quarters as it has coincided with the dates of other tournaments. This year's Festival at Bangalore clashed with a number of Inter-University, Inter-State and Rural Sports meets. That was the reason many established stars like Anasuya Bai, Angel Mary did not attend, as they were participating in the Inter-Zonal Railway meet. Many talented volleyball players from Kerala were absent as they were participating in the All-India Inter-University Women's Volleyball Championships at Madras during the same period. At least next year, I hope the festival will be held at a time free of other national level championships.

Shanta Rangaswamy, captain of the Indian cricket team; "We are not paid a single paisa, even for Test matches, whatever be the gate collections."

Battling the West Germans in the Begum Rasool International Hockey Tournament. "There are only two competitions at the national level. How can you expect us to improve?" complains Geeta Sareen, captain of the Indian hockey team.

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THE AVENGER

Continued from page 17

every possibility of the Madathipathi's men recognising him.

Discreet inquiries helped Arvind to learn all that he wanted to know about the Madathipathi and his men. Through one of his clients, he also manoeuvred to get himself introduced to Nagappan. He then fully exploited Nagappan's weakness for liquor and fed him lavishly. One day he took the half-drunk Nagappan to his studio and showed him some blue films. Nagappan liked them and commented: "My master will relish them very much."

Arvind pretended to be shocked.

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "you didn't mean it. It's a blasphemy! He's a holy man."

"Holy man indeed! My foot!" retorted Nagappan. "He's a rake."

"Is that so? In that case I would like to show him the films."

"I'll arrange for that," Nagappan replied.

A few meetings with the Madathipathi helped Arvind to gain his confidence. The Madathipathi's interest in him increased when Arvind promised to introduce him to some beautiful girls.

But everytime he was with the Madathipathi, Nagappan was always present. One day he told the Madathipathi, "I've something special for your ears alone."

"Nagappan is my right-hand man," the Madathipathi replied.

"Of course, no offence is intended to Nagappan," Arvind said, "but this is something personal. So. . ."

The Madathipathi hesitated. He then told Nagappan, "You may wait outside."

Nagappan was not pleased, but he had to obey.

"Would you mind if I closed the door," Arvind asked, "lest someone should overhear us?"

The Madathipathi nodded. Arvind bolted the door from inside. He then approached the Madathipathi and casually took out Deepa's photo from his pocket. "Does this photo remind you of anyone?"

"The face is familiar. . ."

"Perhaps it'll help if I tell you that she visited Kumbakonam for the Mamangam festival."

"Ah, now I remember. . . She scratched my face before I could subdue her. But why are you asking about her? If she's available again I won't mind. . ."

Arvind gritted his teeth and said, "No. She committed suicide because of what you did to her."

"Oh. . ." the Madathipathi looked at him suspiciously and asked, "How do you know?"

Arvind could no longer control his rage. "I should know, you fool! She was my wife. And you are going to pay for what you did to her. . ." He pulled out a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the other man's chest.

"Oh, no," trembled the Madathipathi. "Please have mercy."

"You should have thought about that before you ruined so many lives."

"Please don't shoot," the Madathipathi begged, "I'll give you whatever money you want... You can marry another beautiful girl and once again settle down in life."

Arvind spat at him and his finger tightened around the trigger. The Madathipathi got panicky. He half-turned and darted towards the door. Three shots sounded in quick succession. The Madathipathi was dead before he collapsed on the floor.

Footsteps were heard running towards the door. Arvind looked up and said, "Deepa, I've avenged the wrong done to you. Now your soul may rest in peace." He then raised the revolver and pointed the muzzle at his right temple. There was a frantic pounding on the door and attempts were being made to force it open. Arvind smiled sadly and with calm determination he pulled the trigger.

MOTHER'S LIES DROVE ME TO MANSLAUGHTER

(The concluding part of the True Confession which appeared in our issue dated Nov. 25-Dec. 1.)

"I thought you were respectable, mother. I didn't know Pritam was speaking the truth. Now he is lying unconscious in a hospital on the brink of death. All because you lied to me...you kept me in a mist of happy oblivion. Why didn't you tell me before that you were a common whore?"

She lay down the spoon and hung her head forward. But she didn't turn. There was a strangled sound in her throat.

"Don't Amar," she cried, "I can't take it."

"Don't put up a false front of respectability," I cried. "It didn't deceive anybody. Only me. Your son."

"Stop it, Amar," she said, turning suddenly. "I have done so much for you all these years. Educated you and looked after your comforts."

"Wasn't that your duty as a mother?" I said.

She didn't reply.

"When you were born," she said. "I wanted to abandon you on a park bench."

"Why didn't you?" I cried. "At least I wouldn't have lived to see this day. They will put me in a reform school for manslaughter. Or maybe you don't care."

She was crying violently now and suddenly I remembered Mr. Chand Sethia's parting words to me. But now the damage was done. She rushed past me and out into the street. I ran to the door and called after her, but she did not heed me.

She didn't return in the evening. The shadows lengthened and night fell. The forgotten curry bubbled dry and began to burn till I shut it off. I sat in the dark, terribly alone. I must have dozed off through sheer exhaustion because when I awoke I was still sitting in a cramped chair and my body was stiff. Somebody was knocking at the door. I rose and opened it, hoping it would be mother. It was Mr. Chand Sethia.

"Bad news, Amar," he said. "Pritam died early this morning. You have to be remanded to custody. Where's your mother?"

I told him what had happened.

"You shouldn't have done that," he said.

"There's something about my mother that you're hiding from me, isn't there?"

"I guess you're old enough to take it," he said. "By the time you come out of the remand home where they'll put you, you will have seen the seamier side of worse things."

"What is it?"

"I wonder if you have heard of an incident where a young woman teacher was raped by six tenth class hulks, years ago in our school."

"I have heard boys whisper it," I replied.

"Your mother was the teacher," he said. "She resigned at once and the boys were rusticated. I joined soon after and passed a regulation restricting jobs on the school premises only to men."

I looked at him but didn't speak.

"A woman came to me years later, with a young boy she wished to admit in the school. You were that boy. Ever since then, I have felt specially protective towards you. I don't know if you felt it. I reasoned that a woman who had to go through so much for no fault of hers ought to get a better deal in life. She tried to get another job as a teacher but failed. Reputation travels and society is hard on a woman who's produced an illegitimate child. Occasionally, I helped her out with money. Don't get me wrong. She didn't attract me in that way. I'm a sworn bachelor. I only felt sorry for her. Her aunt and uncle turned her out when they learnt of her condition and she was left to fend for herself. She managed in the best way she could. She always turned down offers of help from me. She was afraid people would put a wrong construction on it. She knew I didn't want to marry her. If she tried to find alternative sources of income, it was only because she was desperately in need of money. Now that you know everything, I hope you will be more tolerant of her lapses."

I glanced at him with new eyes. I had always regarded him as an ogre and a woman hater. I hadn't known he had a kind touch too.

Later, I washed my face and accompanied him to the police station where they put me under arrest. The next day Mr. Chand Sethia came to see me in my cell, with more bad news. They had found my mother lying dead on the railway track.

I had done enough to be sorry for. Yet I felt I had been wronged. No-one could wrench an apology from me. Maybe that was what made the juvenile court sentence me to ten years. At the end of it all, I might emerge a reformed man. Or I may be destroyed for life.

My only hope is that I get a better deal when they set me free. I want to repay Mr. Chand Sethia for his kindness towards me when I felt all alone and hopelessly bewildered. He visited me in prison every day and even got the best lawyers to defend me. The most I can do is be a fine son to him when I come out. I happen to know he has never married because he cannot sire a child, a result of a childhood accident. Maybe I can fill that void in his life, both for mother's sake and his.

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Continued from page 25

ing. She wouldn't give Piers that satisfaction. 'Why don't you leave me alone?' she muttered vehemently as he guided her firmly but surely towards a door on the other side of the room, away from the balcony he had taken her to earlier. 'Will you please let go of my arm? You're hurting me.'

'I'll do more than that if you don't behave yourself. You've had your say, now let me have mine.' He threw open the door, switching on the light before thrusting her inside and closing the door behind him. Leigh heard the turning of a key and realised he must have locked the door. 'Not to keep you in,' he explained mockingly, 'but to keep other people out.'

Leigh saw to her surprise that they were in a bedroom. He grasped her shoulders and sat her firmly down on the bed.

Piers sat down next to her wrenching her chin round so that she was forced to look into his face. And what she saw there was burning anger — and something else. Deep in his eyes was the flame of desire, a desire to punish her in the only way possible between them. His mouth claimed hers in a kiss that owed nothing to gentleness, forcing her lips apart with a savagery she found alarming. It wasn't possible for her to tell when the brutal attack changed to a soft caress, but she found herself kissing him back.

'Oh, Piers!' she sighed deeply.

'Be still!' his tongue trailed tantalisingly over her throat.

'Piers!'

The two on the bed turned towards the doorway from the hallway to see Marlene Shaw staring at them in horror.

'Damn, damn, damn!' Piers swore under his breath.

'What do you want, Marlene?'

The girl gave a tinkling laugh, looking scathingly at Leigh. 'What do I usually want when I come to your bedroom, darling?' Her green cat-like eyes flickered contemptuously over the now standing Leigh. 'Of course I didn't realise that you already had company. I'll come back when you aren't so — busy.'

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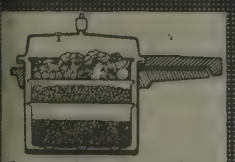
To be concluded

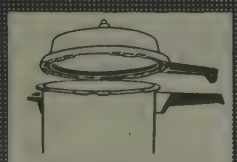
what's new?

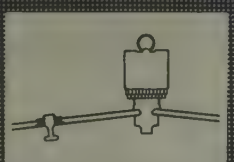
BELOW: And now a new product by Balsara — Promise toothpaste. It contains the time-tested ingredient clove oil used for generations as a home remedy for dental troubles. Promise is available in four sizes. Prize Rs. 2.80 to Rs. 8.40, excluding taxes. At leading stores.

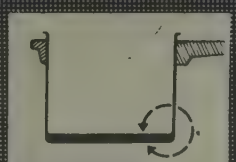
ABOVE: Corn Products Co. (India) have recently introduced a delicious sauce — Rex Fiesta Fruit Sauce, made of a variety of fruits and spices. Price Rs. 4.98, excluding taxes. At leading stores in Bombay and Pune.

8 reasons why...

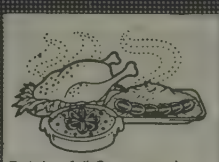

Outside-fitting lid provides maximum cooking space – with or without separators; for greater fuel economy.


Double locking lid ensures cooker cannot be opened while there is pressure. Safe and easy to use.

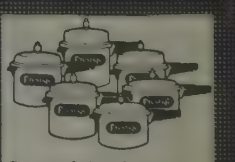

Unique weight-valve maintains optimum pressure Safety-valve ensures total safety in 3 ways.


Extra thick base for greater strength, longer life and even heat distribution.

ISI Prestige
I.S.I. mark, your guarantee of quality.


Retains full flavour and nutritive value of all kinds of food, by sealed, hygienic cooking

Easy availability of spare parts; over 350 authorised service centres throughout the country


Range of sizes from 4 to 12 litres. For families and budgets of all sizes and all types of cooking

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PRATAP/SW

advance tax 15th DECEMBER

- ☐ PAY in time your NEXT instalment of ADVANCE TAX falling due on 15th December at Reserve Bank or State Bank and its subsidiaries or at specified public sector banks using chalan form ITNS 35A for companies and ITNS 35 for others.
- ☐ PLEASE NOTE : this will be :—
  - A. The LAST INSTALMENT for those whose income, at least to the extent of 75% comes from sources where the accounting period ends on or before 31st December;
  - B. The SECOND INSTALMENT for others.
- ☐ If you HAVE NOT yet filed a statement of your Advance-tax in Form No. 28A or an estimate in Form No. 29 and paid the earlier instalment of advance-tax that fell due on 15th June or 15th September, as the case may be;

  BE SURE to do so now and pay the entire tax due in one instalment by 15th December, if you belong to category 'A' above and in two equal instalments on 15th December and 15th March, if you belong to category 'B'.
- ☐ You are OBLIGED to file a revised estimate of your ADVANCE TAX and pay tax thereon if your income is likely to EXCEED your earlier estimate by 33⅓% or more. You have also the OPTION to file a revised estimate and pay lesser tax, if your earlier estimate was excessive.

REMEMBER

1. Do not WAIT for an order of the ITO this year;
2. Send your estimate or revised estimate of advance tax NOW and pay the amount thereon;
3. Your estimate NEED NOT INCLUDE your income from Capital Gains, Horse races, Lotteries, Other games of chance and Cross-word puzzles.

The limits of total income above which you have to pay advance tax are :		
	(i) Company or local authority	Rs. 2,500
	(ii) Registered Firm	Rs. 30,000
	(iii) Others	Rs. 10,000

Avoid interest and penalty
Pay your advance tax in time

Issued by :
DIRECTOR OF INSPECTION

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

"WE WILL LIVE ON LOVE AND FRESH AIR"— fiddlesticks

"Two can live cheaper than one" her mother told me when I said I could not afford to get married so early in life. I could not quite understand the logic but at twenty-three and very much in love, one didn't really bother. It's partly true but then one has to take into account one's own connotation of living. Besides she was working then and what little she earned would go a long way to augment the poor salary I was getting as a teacher.

So I took the plunge. What a dive that was! I soon realised that I had to make gigantic efforts to merely keep my head above water. She had stopped working. Working wives were unheard of then. Besides "Why should an East Indian girl work to support a Goan." The toastmaster, a venerable old priest, told the gathering at the reception that this marriage was made in Heaven. There was immediate thunder and lightning, as if to deny this accusation.

In the early stages of my marriage, her mother tried to convince me that three in fact could live cheaper than one. Her frequent visits and free advice was causing a rift between the two whom God had joined. One day it was raining cats and dogs. I heard the call bell. I opened the door and said "Well! If it isn't my mother-in-law! What are you doing out there standing in the rain? Buzz off!"

Encouraged by the toastmaster's biblical advice of "may your tribe increase and multiply" and relying on the priest's promise "If God looks after the birds and the animals, He will surely look after you" we had five children, one at a time. We soon realised that two could not live cheaper than one, leave alone seven. So the struggle began.

It was an uphill struggle, but as I look back on all those years, I now realise that they were perhaps the happiest years of our lives. It taught us to work harder, spend when necessary and learn to live with bare necessities. We were satisfied with little, and enough was plenty. Tomorrow did not bother us. We lived happily for the day. We didn't have T.V. so the children spent their time usefully, studying, helping in the house and each other. There were no Jones in the neighbourhood, merely D'Costas, Pereiras, Fernandeses. Simple god-fearing people, who ate to live and dressed to clothe. They laughed their way through life. So she didn't bother me for fancy underwear and expensive over-wear. The children grew up strong from work and fresh air. Plenty of playgrounds around. And they grew intelligent and hardworking with the right priorities.

Then came success and wham! —— ulcers galore. Even the neighbourhood changed overnight. The D'Costas, Pereiras and the Fernandeses all became Jones and began to sing "Catch me if you can", and the challenge was readily accepted by my entire family. She would not wear the same dress twice in the week. The children thought the radio old-fashioned. The house was painted twice a year; she, twice a day. Our frequent misunderstandings and quarrels pleased the neighbours.

Soon the peace and quiet of the happy home, with five happy, carefree, smiling children was a thing of the past. Instead we began to have parties, get-togethers, farewells, welcomes, and long hangovers.

Then came T.V. with its terrible programmes, the car with all its expenses and long-haired boyfriends my daughters brought home to dinners. I have not heard Beethoven for years, my eardrums have had enough of one-line songs like "Ya Ya I am for you" and my blood pressure rises with "Danny Cool". In the past my small bills came from the grocer, the butcher, the baker; today my eyes bulge when I behold bills from Figurette, Max Factor, La Patisserie and Marks and Spencers. I have survived two heart attacks and several dents in my marriage. The children have all done well in life, married well and are out and away, living their own life of speed and discomfort. Families of the future won't be having children — "Too expensive", "What a bother". Life has become so artificial, oh so fast!

We are all alone now, in this big house and we miss the clatter of little feet, the joy of having children around.

I am ready and willing to start all over again. But for what purpose? Life is now a struggle, no longer a joy it used to be.

Until next time then.

frankly speakin

Devi

The **thanda** response to "Muqaddar Ka Sikandar" was from the folks who have seen the film. I have yet to meet anyone who has seen the film and liked it. Yet the film is doing roaring business.

People have not liked Raakhee, who looks like an overripe **gobi**. Rekha is hardly there. Vinod, people even forget to mention; nor have they liked the role etched out for Amitabh. All this only means that Amitabh has crossed the dangerous 'At the top' curve to go on to become a 'habit' with the people. Amitabh is a

AMIT & RAJESH: poised at two extremes

habit, like tea or coffee. And when you stop for a cup of tea or coffee you cease to think whether it is a bad cup of tea or lukewarm coffee.

There is doom in other camps, especially Dharam's. His two faithful producers are moving around with funereal faces. Said one to me, "There is no shortage of heroines, but there is an acute dearth of heroes. Except Amitabh no one else sells." Said Iqbal of "Aakhri Goli" to my friend, "Yaar, one should make a film with Dharam-Hema, but have every ten minutes five 70 MM close-ups of Amitabh. Dharam-Hema should give commentary: 'Why do you see this monster's films? He is no good, etc.' The film will sell for the 70 MM close-ups."

* * *

Amitabh, meanwhile, is going through his quota of mass hysteria. Rajesh Khanna, at the peak of his career, was supposed to be suffering from blood cancer ("Anand" hangover). And now Amitabh's friends insist he has cirrhosis of the liver and is terribly ill. Enjoying these wild but expected rumours is Amitabh, who has almost recovered and was seen at the "Great Gambler" trial. As sure as Amitabh's position as today's superstar is Rajesh Khanna's position in the dark future. At one end is Amitabh; miles away at the other end is yesterday's superstar, Rajesh. In between is nothing except Sanjeev Kumar.

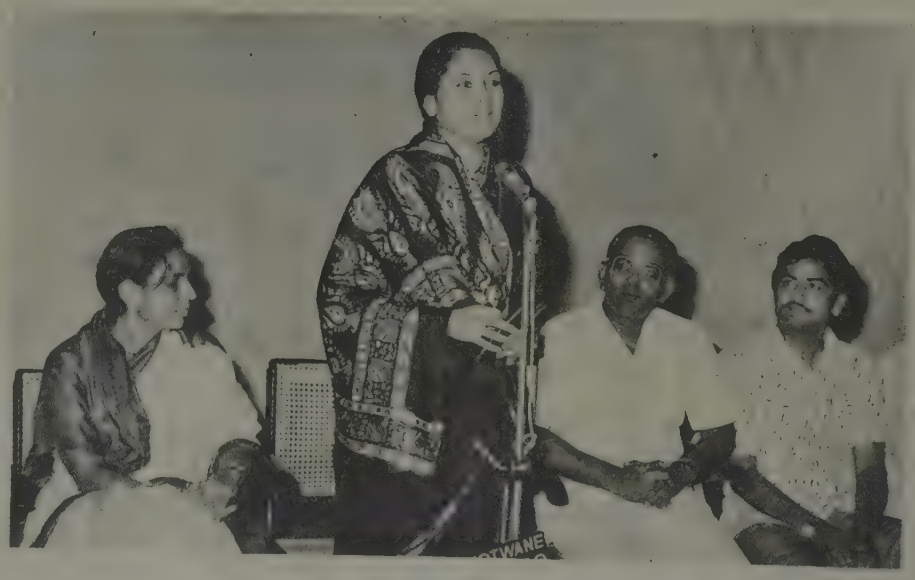
people and events

The Lioness Club of Cuffe Parade organised a talk by beautici Shahnaz Husain in Bombay. Seen on the occasion are from le Mrs. Kaushalya Anil Kumar, president, Shahnaz Husain, D Indira Ghatikar, secretary, and Dolly Rizvi, PRO of the Club.

A reception to celebrate the 8th anniversary of the National Day of the Sultanate of Oman was held in Bombay by the consul-general for Oman, Mr. Essa Mohamed Essa and Mrs. Essa. Seen on the occasion are, from left, Mrs. F. Yousuf, wife of the consul-general for Kuwait, Mrs. S. Al-Kassar, wife of the consul-general for Iraq, Mrs. Essa, Mrs. A. Eldaly, wife of the manager, India, Egyptair, Mrs. H. Al-Maatouk, wife of the commercial attache of Iraq, and Mrs. Ali Said, wife of the consul-general for the Arab Republic of Egypt.

ABOVE: Bombay's Mayor Mr. W. Mahadik and Mrs. Mahadik taste the various dishes at the Bombay Harbour Jaycees Cooking Contest, in which Ahmed Mills participated and donated prizes.

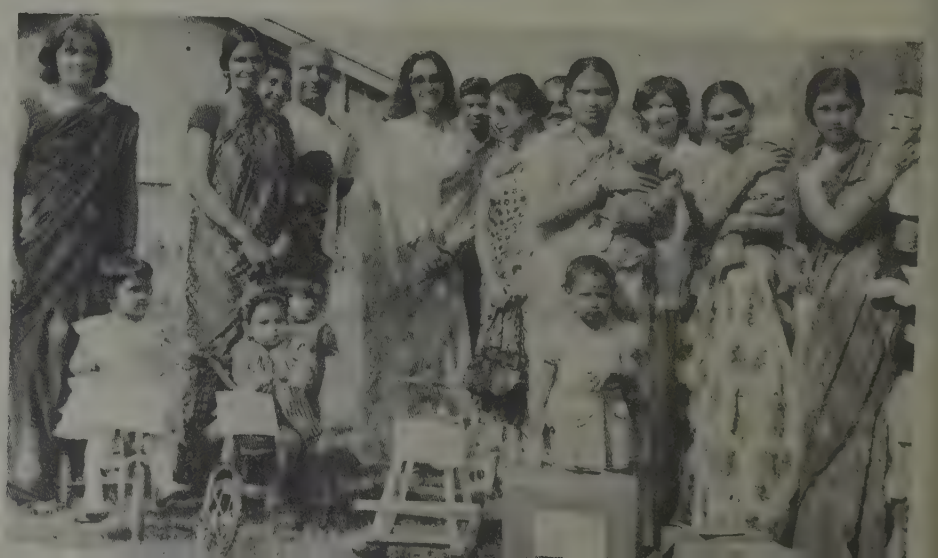
Mr. T. N. Singh, the Governor of West Bengal (centre) was received by Mr. S. R. Najmi, treasurer of the Calcutta Chapter, and Mrs. Roshan Najmi when he inaugurated the New Baha'i Centre at Calcutta.



LEFT: Seen at the cultural programme organised by the Sarveshwar Kala Mandal in Bombay, are from left Mrs. N. D. Patil, Mrs. Pratibha S. Pawar, wife of Maharashtra's C.M., Mr. J M. Jain and Mr. Vijay G. Kalantri, chairman, Reception Committee.

BELOW: Mrs. Bilkees Latif, (5th from left) wife of Air Chief Marshal I. H. Latif, PVSM, CAS, IAF, judged a Healthy Baby Contest organised during her visit to the Air Force Station, Bareilly. Here she is seen with prize-winning babies and their mothers.

LEFT: Mr. Paul Manekshaw, past district governor, Lions Club, Bangalore, inaugurated the new Lioness Club of Someshwarapura, Bangalore. Here he receives a bouquet from Mrs. Ramana Devi, president of the Club.



bombay

The Children's Day programme at the Children's Complex, Kherwadi, organised by Mrs. Vipla Kadri was a great success. Dances, skits and songs presented by talented youngsters from the adjoining schools were presented. Mangala Nath, a well-known singer on AIR, presented several entertaining songs specially chosen for the children. One of her musicians, Ujwal Wadarkar, also sang some songs for the children.

The show was equally enjoyed by the distinguished gathering which included Mrs. Zehra Ali Yavar Jung, the guiding spirit behind the complex, Mrs. E. S. Modak, and Mrs. Sapru. A fun fair was also organised for the children.

* * *

INLAKS Foundation has launched a programme for higher education, "to equip young Indians to play major roles in many different fields." The programme provides ten scholarships to leading educational institutions abroad.

INLAKS Scholars for 1978-79 include the following women: To Oxford, Sukunta Choudhari, Supriya Choudhuri, to Cambridge Jayati Ghosh, Anjali Kumar, and Rukun Advani.

* * *

Lalitha Lajmi held an exhibition of paintings at the Jehangir Art Gallery. As she herself said of this unusual exhibition of mask-paintings, "As I went on unfolding mask after mask hidden within me, I feel that my paintings represent those changes that came in me."

This is her seventh solo exhibition in Bombay. She has also held exhibitions at Delhi, Calcutta, Seattle, Boston and Los Angeles.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Sarveshwar Kala Mandal, a cultural programme on Rajasthan was held to raise funds for its community development programme.

Mrs. Pratibha S. Pawar, chief guest, praised the activities of the Mandal and complimented it on having adopted five families under the antyodaya scheme of the Govt. of Rajasthan. Mrs. Pawar appealed to the citizens present to come forward and adopt poor families to help them meet their basic needs. Mrs. N. D. Patil was the guest of honour on the occasion and Mr. J. M. Jain presided.

delhi

President N. Sanjiva Reddy inaugurated the Vidya Bharati's All-India Educational Camp held here. About 18,000 children from different states attended the Camp. The Camp endeavoured to represent a miniature India with a dozen 'cultural cities' having sprung up there. Mr. Reddy said the minds of children should be nurtured so that they blossom forth in all their radiance. They should be endowed with such qualities as would make them good citizens of India, he added.

* * *

Four hundred yoga experts, including 160 foreigners, will attend the first International Yoga Congress to be organised here by the International Yoga Co-ordination Centre. At a press conference, Mrs. Maria Helena de Bastos Freire, chairman of the Centre, said the Congress will discuss how to co-ordinate vital information on yoga and disseminate it effectively. She said there was also a proposal to set up a Yoga University at Delhi.

calcutta

Shanu Lahiri held a week-long exhibition of Ragmalas at the Academy of Fine Arts.

Shanu Lahiri's canvases have been acclaimed in Canada and France, and recently in the U.S.

In this recent Ragmala series, she presented a group of paintings based on Indian classical raags. Rejecting conventional representations of the raags, she rendered them in fresh and bold designs and colours.

* * *

Kala Kaumudi, the cultural division of the Kala Mandir Trust, presented their maiden venture. "Life of Buddha".

The story, well presented, was almost like a medieval morality play and the commentary effectively conveyed the spirit of the play. This play was specially performed in connection with the visit of Mr. J. R. Jayawardene, the President of Sri Lanka.

madras

The Nivea Beauty Queen contest was held at the Music Academy. Paula Baldrey, a schoolgirl, was selected Beauty Queen with Miss Alison Daly as runner-up. The highlight of the evening was the glittering fashion parade, 'Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow' in which five leading mills: Arvind, Bhilwara, Binny, Piramal and Shreeniwas participated. About 200 outfits were modelled by top fashion models. Ronnie Screwala compered the show ably. This is the first time that J. L. Morison Son and Jones (India) Ltd. have sponsored a beauty contest.

bangalore

The Pilobolus American Dance Theatre, gave a performance at Hotel West End, Bangalore. The evening's programme featured "Ciona", "Lost in Fauna," "Walklyndon", "Geode", "Ocellus" and "Monkshood's Farewell" and the six artistes were Alison Chase, Georgiana Holmes, Michael Tracey, Jamey Hampton, Moses Pendleton and Jonathen Wolken. The programme combined dance, gymnastics, acrobatics and mime to present an unusual dance concept.

bareilly

Mrs. Bilkees Latif, wife of Air Chief Marshal I. H. Latif, PVSM, visited Air Force Station Bareilly recently.

The Station Maternity and Child Welfare Centre organised a Healthy Baby Show in which she gave away prizes to the winners. She was highly appreciative of the efforts of the Air Force Wives Welfare Association in running a free school for the children of Class IV employees of the Air Force. Mrs. Latif later viewed a variety entertainment programme presented by the AFWWA (local).

allahabad

The 12th All India Short Play Competition and Theatre Seminar will be held here from February 12 to 26, 1979.

The Competition is open to all and the plays can be staged in any of the dialects or regional languages of India.

Submission of Entry Forms will be entertained upto December 10, 1978. Those interested may contact Virendra Sharma, General Secretary, Allahabad Natya Sangh, 22 Mahatma Gandhi Marg, Allahabad - 211001.

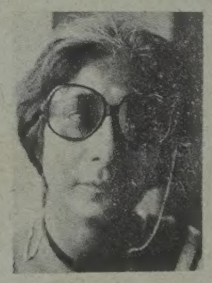
world of eve

PUSHPA DIXIT

An active social worker, Pushpa Dixit plans to open a fine arts university along the lines of Shantiniketan, at Lucknow. She feels that such an institution will add fresh life to the cultural activities of this city, famed for its rich cultural heritage. Mrs. Dixit despairs when she sees the young boys and girls of Lucknow wandering aimlessly with little awareness of their culture.

Pushpa Dixit is the joint secretary of the UP Mahila Committee. She is also the assistant secretary of the UP Council of Child Welfare and founder and general secretary of the Tar Saptak, a cultural organisation.

For some years she was closely associated with the UP Young Women's Congress, but soon withdrew from that field. Older women politicians were largely unhelpful and the men, too conservative in their outlook. Now, she dismises politicians as "hypocrites" and prefers to be involved with socio-cultural activities.



BIBI RAY

When Bibi Ray, prize-winning artiste, colour consultant and talented crafts woman in leather and batik, opened her interior-decoration firm, people had to sit up and take notice.

She and her partner, Dipa Chaudhuri, stuck to the policy of not catering to tasteless expensive decor, but helping the woman with a limited budget to bring beauty and comfort to her home.

Bibi's education in arts and crafts stands her in good stead. She learnt art from artists like Sharada Ukil, Saloz Mukherjee and Rhabatosh Sanyal, and craft from Satyen Bisi. Trained at the Sharada Ukil School of Art in Delhi, she started painting and won the President's Gold Medal in Oriental Art in 1967.

Bibi has held successful exhibitions of leather craft, batik and block printing, in Calcutta and Bombay.

It is her impeccable sense of colour and design that has popularised her as a motion-picture costumier in both Calcutta and Bombay.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A lively social scene, new friendships, some happy flirtations, but no serious romance until around your 1979 birthday, if at present single. In more practical matters, you will tend to drift, for the accent is mainly on the lighter side of life, the activities of youngsters in the family, some parties and celebrations to absorb you. Yet, if you have special ambitions, mixing with new friends will help these along; a person of influence can give invaluable support. It is also a good period for thinking things through thoroughly, for getting plans into definite shape. Should any domestic problems linger over into 1979, these will be quickly disposed of. Towards the end of 1979, a super money-making opportunity will come along.

John Naylor

For the week Dec. 10 — 16, 1978

ARIES (Mar. 22 — April 20)

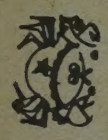
Stars moving on to the Midheaven of your Solar horoscope are a lovely indication for your special hopes and dreams. There is some emphasis on legal affairs, long-distance travel, people and places far away. Get plans into perspective, ready for action in early 1979. Happy meetings are indicated, if heart-free.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 21)

You are moving towards the end of a period which has probably brought problems in both money matters and personal relationships For the present, however, care is needed in these areas. It's a lucky time for your partner, though, so fit in with his ideas. Watch your spending on luxury items.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

If a typical Gemini you have been through a wearing time. The 12th sees Mars moving out of opposition to your sign and a lessening of tensions and stresses. However, Mercury, your ruler, remains in adverse aspect so don't expect to be able to relax yet. This is a good week for long-term cash matters.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Get yourself organised and don't light-heartedly take on more work. People will be demanding, eager to take advantage of your good nature and, in the case of relatives, your family feeling. But you'll have too much to do on your own account and must have time for the man in your life!

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

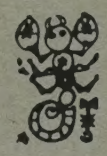
Promising trends in romance and social activities. If you communicate you can expand your circle of friends. Life will be a pleasing whirl for some weeks ahead — and remember that 1979 will be a lucky year for you. Around the 14th a minor misunderstanding or a muddle in arrangements.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

A week nicely balanced between work and play but the main emphasis is on home life, the affairs of relatives. Sunday could bring a tiff with a relative but otherwise it's a sociable, lively, rather lucky week. A generous gift will come your way and a beneficial change could concern a youngster.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Changes are in the air especially if born around the 13th. Generally, communication is the key to success just now and can help you achieve hopes and wishes. It's a good week for interviews, short-distance travel, the affairs of relatives of your own generation.



SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

A happy week when you will please everyone — and everyone will set out to please you. You'll be much in demand socially; your charm is potent; life should be fun as well as rather lucky. In fact, with Venus in your sign until the new year, you can count on a busy, delightfully frivolous period ahead.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

This week will suit your lively nature. Mercury in Sagittarius will keep you on the hop, bring minor but beneficial changes, a breezy atmosphere. An exchange of news and views with people, generally, is certain to help your affairs. A less strenuous period begins when Mars moves out of your sign at midweek.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

Mars moves into your sign at midweek; you have a vigorous and potentially successful period ahead of you. Health will take an uptrend but, anyway, you'll have added vitality, drive and enthusiasm. Be bolder in your approach, have confidence in yourself. Good trends in all relationships.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Background influences are working well for you; you will soon enter a more interesting phase when plans and activities get a push in the right direction. However, there are splendid aspects for friendships and the lighter side of life. New meetings bring romantic conquests for the heart-free.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Travel is well starred — good if you are off on a holiday but just as favourable if bent on business or family journeys. In any case, try to get away from familiar surroundings, and people. Explore and experiment; try fresh activities. If your work is important to you an opportunity emerges.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF DECEMBER 16, 1978

THE RAMAYANA CONTROVERSY

Due to unavoidable circumstances, we were unable to publish the readers' responses to the article, "The Ramayana Revisited," (Diwali issue) last week. However, next week they will appear in all their variety — for and against the divinity of Ram.

THE EXODUS OF NURSES

Many hospitals all over the country are facing an extreme shortage of good, well-trained nurses, with thousands of them finding jobs in the Gulf. Interviews with nurses and hospital authorities.

ENCEPHALITIS

News reports anout victims of this "new" plague have been appearing off and on for the past several weeks. What exacly is encephalitis? What can be done to prevent its spread? And, most important, what is being done?

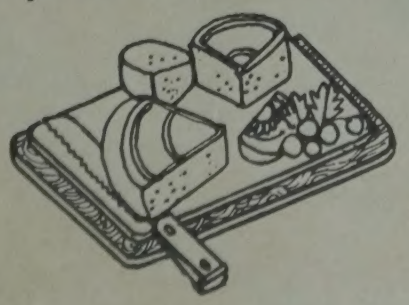
Don Quixote? Certainly.

But did you know that KLM's Holland has many more attractions than just windmills ?

Example:

A night's accommodation, drinks, tours, museums, nightclubs and sightseeing all yours free. Subsequent nights at a discount price – 25% discount on 3 sightseeing tours, 50% discount on car rentals for 2 days.

"Holland on the House," the bargain of your lifetime, again available this year with many other wonderful surprises, all as given under the sponsorship of the Netherlands National Tourist Office. Lucky you!



Don Quixote would have gone for the windmills, and for the famous Dutch cheese, which he would have had to pay for. Why don't you go for "Holland on the House," available **free** between 1 November 1978 and 31 March 1979?

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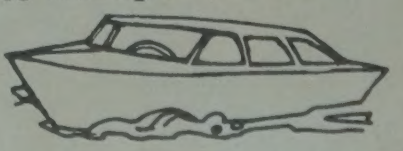

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